

Modern Life

AND

Modern Man

A WEEKLY NEWSPAPER OF GENERAL INTEREST.

No. 234.

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ONE PENNY.



COMING DOWN.

Modern Life

and

Modern Man

No. 234. Week ending April 26. One Penny.

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PLAIN SPEAKING.

AN IRISH BELLE AS A POTENTIAL
"QUEEN OF ALBANIA."

Why Prince Nicholas Ghika is in London.

If ever Sir Edward Grey writes his "Reminiscences" he will be able to tell a remarkable story about the Montenegrin affair, and the competition for the throne of the proposed new Albanian monarchy. It is not generally known that there is a "native" candidate for this new kingdom, and he has been engaged in negotiations for the new crown for quite six months. He is Prince Ghika, the present representative of a family who formerly reigned in Albania, and who have still some influence in that country. Prince Ghika foresaw the creation of the new throne as the result of the present crisis at least six months ago, and he at once entered into secret negotiations for it. One of the members of his family, Prince Nicholas Ghika, of the Roumanian branch, is now in London, and as the head of the family married an Irish girl, there is at least a possibility of an Irish "Queen of Albania."

This lady was Miss Marjorie Dowling, and her wedding took place at the little Roman Catholic Church in Cadogan Square one December morning nine years ago. At that time Prince Ghika was confident of his power to lead an army of one hundred and fifty thousand Albanians, all well armed with Martini and Mauser rifles. The Prince was then greatly counting upon the moral support of the British Government, and is still counting upon it; and, although until now Turkey has refused to allow Prince Ghika to reside in Albania, he received the submission of the Albanian chieftains ten years ago. Prince Ghika is a tall, soldierly fellow, and if the Albanians themselves have any "say" in the selection of a King, and a British prince cannot be prevailed upon to take the new crown, the former Marjorie Dowling may become Albania's Irish Queen.

The Adriatic Blockade: Lord Rosebery Warns His Countrymen.

Lord Rosebery is still "retiring." He told the journalists at the Press Fund dinner on Saturday night that "that was the last time he would ever address an assembly of journalists, or perhaps an assembly at all!" But that is merely the Roseberian tradition. It is eleven years since his Lordship started "ploughing a lonely furrow," and went into the backwoods. That was over the war. Radical though he was, Lord Rosebery couldn't stick Lloyd-Georgism at any price.

A pro-Boer was as obnoxious to his Lordship as any other member of the aristocracy. However, a year later Lord Rosebery was still speechifying. Then came another "retirement." That was when Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, at Sterling, proposed to bring forward a Home Rule Bill. Home Rule in those days had got into a rather parlous condition, and the announcement was a startler. Lord Rosebery's reply was immediate: "I object to the raising of the banner of Home Rule," he said. "I say, emphatically and explicitly, and once for all, that I cannot serve under that banner!"

But Lord Rosebery was always one of the theatricals of the political world, and like some of our leading actors very fond of "Farewells."

However, his Lordship did his country a real turn of Saturday night, for he took the opportunity to drop in to Sir Edward Grey which entirely expressed the feelings of his countrymen. He said, speaking to his audience of London Pressmen of unbounded influence, "I ask you these last few words, when any such issues occur, and you know that the atmosphere is electrical enough at the moment, not to say a word which may unnecessarily except in defence, bring about to your fellow countrymen the innumerable catastrophes of war!" And the remark was timely, for only a few hours before Sir Edward Grey had without any mandate from this country, has come to Britain to a state of war in the Balkans.

* * *

A Roseberian Ancestress.

By the way, the appearance of the little negro page in the revival of "The School for Scandal" at His Majesty's Theatre on Saturday night recalls that it was an ancestor of Lord Rosebery's who was responsible for the custom of playing black pages in this country. She was the Countess of Stair, a very beautiful woman, and a leader of fashion in Scotland at the beginning of the eighteenth century. Her first husband was a Lord Primrose, a progenitor of the Roseberys, and he has passed into history as "the first monster alive in human shape." He treated his wife with such ferocity that one day, when he approached her with a drawn sword, she leaped from a window of her town house in Edinburgh, and fell all of a heap in the street. She escaped death, and at once flew for refuge to her mother, and never saw her husband again.

* * *

When Lord Deerhurst's Lady Goes to Court.

There are some "queer cusses" still in the ranks of the British aristocracy. The matrons are just now making up the dates of Lady Deerhurst's entertainments, and she promises to be lavish, for her ladyship has a daughter, and she is out, with the charm of a *débutante* with her first experience of confronting her. Lady Deerhurst is an American, and very lively. Her daughter is a quaint-looking young thing, with an immense shock of short, curly, fair hair. She presented a couple of months ago, but her father has not yet had the pleasure of witnessing the ceremony. Lord Deerhurst, of course, was not among those invited. He has been in his country as aide-de-camp to a Colonial Governor, and his encounter with Bob Sievier "down under," when he spoiled his Lordship's beauty for a long time, made him an object of caution to the Lord Chamberlain, and the result of some of his earlier "goings-on" did the rest. They say when the American Viscountess Deerhurst goes to Court, where her lord is not acceptable, that is the only time Lord Deerhurst knows what its like to feel a free man!

* * *

The Coventrys and the Dollar Princesses.

His father, by the way, is that buccolic old Lord Coventry, who used to be such a crony of King Edward's, and is now the senior member of the Jockey Club, and the member of the National Hunt Committee. In the palm days of Queen Victoria he was a very popular Master of the Buckhounds—the pack that the Queen dispersed when she took "a fit in her head" that stag-hunting was a waste of time.

Lord Coventry's sons are very hot on Americans, for more than three of them went over the "herring pond" for dollars—and dollars! Talk about making a trade of a title! Lord Deerhurst is not the first of his family to receive a drubbing from a Commoner, for one of his ancestors had his nose slit in the House of Commons for speaking disrespectfully of his King.

* * *

Why King George's Consent was Necessary at the Berlin Wedding.

The Kaiser's brother has come over to make the necessary arrangements for the visit of King George and Queen Alexandra to Berlin for the wedding of Prince Ernest of Cumberland and the Kaiser's only daughter. It is said the Tsar is going, so there will be a family meeting of a quite unusual character. The Tsar is in the same position to the groom as is King George, for the Tsar's mother is the both of Queen Alexandra and the Duchess of Cumberland.

King George, of course, is also head of the House of the bridegroom belongs. It was somewhat puzzling to the people a few days ago to read in the papers that King George had formally announced his consent to the wedding of the Kaiser's daughter and Prince Ernest of Cumberland.

ONLY FOUR DAYS LEFT TO SEND FOOTBALL COUPONS.



REPAIRING THE DAMAGE.

neither of the couple are known in this country, while Cumberland have not been in England for forty years. But the fact remains that King George's consent was absolutely necessary, as the bridegroom is a possible wearer of the Crown of England, should the descendants of Queen Victoria cease to exist. It was old King George the Third being so affronted by the mad marriages of his sons, that the Royal Marriage Act, whereby the consent of the Sovereign is necessary to the validity of the marriage of a descendant of King George the Second with a foreigner. Supposing, for the sake of argument, that the King George of England refused his formal consent to the wedding to take place in Berlin in May, that act would directly nullify the eventual claim to the British Crown of the contracting parties or their posterity.

Pricking Out the Prince's Weak Spots.

The Prince of Wales ought to come back feeling very fit, since his arrival in Wurttemberg he has been subjected to a "health test" of a kind to which we English folk are unaccustomed. A fifteen-mile tramp through forest and glen, with a weighty knapsack on his back, is a feat which so far had not come the Prince's way, but they made him do it in Wurttemberg, and His Royal Highness stood the test very well. The cross-country tramp was never a feature of English life, although certain "Rambling Clubs" have endeavoured to make it so. But in the Fatherland the tramp walk is still one of the national habits, and a jolly good one too. A fifteen-mile tramp will soon find out a man's weak spots. Happily, it found none in the Heir of England.

Le Rapprochement at Warwick Castle.

Lots of good people suffer a certain amount of public mortification of an unenviable kind until the world learns their worth, and puts them back amongst the "knowables." Lady Warwick, for instance. For years now she has given society the "cold shoulder." Not that she was missed, for her superb looks were a source of annoyance to many an otherwise imposing dame. So her Ladyship retired to her own place in Essex, which she inherited from her father, and lived the simple life, writing books and keeping cows. Lord Warwick went off to Uganda; Lady Marjorie married young Lord Helmsley; the eldest son got married—and didn't my Lord Brooke's poor little bride know it that

wedding night!—the old castle at Warwick was left with the servants on "board wages," and the Warwick menage was at an end.

All's Well that Ends Well.

But Time, which brings so much consolation to many, brings regrets to most, and the Warwicks were no exceptions. So, when the Earl fell seriously ill a few months ago, and was soon brought face to face with the Shadow, Lady Warwick could keep away no longer, and ere long his Lordship's pillow was being smoothed by the woman he loved—and, by gum, Lord Warwick did love his Countess!—and now the head of the Fulke-Grevilles is on the high road to a new lease of life. Lady Warwick is not likely to be seen much in Essex in future.

Encouragement of Motor Murder.

Thomas Howard Farmiloe was sentenced at Bow Street by Mr. Curtis Bennett to one month's hard labour for being drunk while in charge (and not in control) of a motor-car in the West End. Thomas Howard Farmiloe appealed to the London Sessions, where the conviction was confirmed, but the real punishment quashed and the merely nominal one substituted of a fine of forty shillings and costs. Mr. R. Wallace, K.C., Chairman of the Bench, attempted to justify this monstrous and preposterous leniency on the ground that the offender when stopped by the police was not "helplessly" drunk. It was also urged that he had been educated at Harrow and Cambridge, and was "a young man of refinement"!

When a hapless pedestrian is mangled or murdered, or both, by a motor-car, the exact degree of the intoxication of the motor-car's driver is of no interest to anybody; and no consolation is derivable from the reflection that he may have been dragged up at Harrow and Cambridge, and combines refinement with drunkenness. We protest that that sentence of a month's hard ought not to have been remitted by a single day.

William Saunders, a taxi-driver of Fulham, was awarded a month's hard labour at West London, and disqualified from holding a licence for two years, for being drunk during his employment. If William Saunders is to do a month, why should Thomas Howard Farmiloe be let off from doing his

HURRY UP WITH YOUR COUPONS AND WIN £10 A WEEK FOR LIFE.



TRAVESTIED REVUE TITLE: "COME OVER HERE."

little bit for precisely the same sort of offence? And why should not Thomas Howard Farmiloe be disqualified from driving for two years?

Five Shillings for a "Savage Assault."

The result of another appeal is worth noting, if only because of the reflection it casts on the sentencing magistrate at the first trial, when the appellant was sentenced to two months' imprisonment for assaulting a rival greengrocer at a music hall. At the Middlesex Sessions the appeal was dismissed, and the conviction ratified. The Chairman remarked that provocation had been shown, though not such as to warrant the "savage assault" that had been proved. For this "savage assault" the assaulter would, however, not go to prison for two months, but pay five shillings without costs—which seems very cheap indeed.

Suffragettes and the Mob.

Wherever the militant suffragettes hold, or attempt to hold, an open-air meeting now, the mob is up against them, with more than verbal menace. Over and over again, the petticoated preachers and practisers of violence have only escaped violence owing to the protection afforded them by the police—so many of whom they or their like have bitten and scratched and mauled. The indignant and savage attitude of the Park and other crowds is a sign of the times, a sign of the moment: it may even prove to be a sign of the end, for if all this just and long-provoked and long-gathering wrath can be directed into legitimate channels of manifestation instead of those in which it is finding present vent, it cannot fail to strengthen the feeble and frightened hands of the authorities. For anything of the nature of mob violence we have not one word to say of excuse or extenuation, but in this instance the inspiring sentiment is as entirely right as its attempted and sometimes accomplished means of expression are utterly wrong.

"No-Chance" Convicts.

For all the few real and many asserted evils of our old system of punishment by transportation, that system had advantages that were peculiar to itself, and that have been wanted as well as missed ever since we abolished it. Chief among them was the real chance the time-expired or ticket-of-leave convict had of gaining or re-gaining character, respect, and position, in the new conditions of the new life of the new land to which he had been deported. What chance has any ex-convict now?

"I was sentenced to penal servitude when I was a lad," a middle-aged prisoner told a jury at the Sessions the other day, "having been sent to prison times previously—the first time when I was only 15 old. Try as I might I couldn't get work, as I had no character. I was ruined by the sentence of three years' servitude when I was 18. When I came out my friends shunned me, and I was thrown on the mercy of the State without a friend to help me. . . . When a man without a convict's license, is destitute, friendless, and without a character, he cannot obtain work. I have never had a chance. . . . Under the Prevention of Crimes Act, it is not what a man does, but for what he has done that he goes to prison. . . . Nobody knows what it means for a convict to try to get work."

All that is most piteous in this old "lag's" experience is true in thousands of cases. There are still areas in the vast Empire, other than our peopled Colonies, where a modern and better system of deportation would be an experiment, offering the after-chances that the old system offered, in spite of all its defects.

Voting Hours.

Good luck to Mr. W. Pearce's Bill for the extension of polling-time at Parliamentary and Municipal elections to one hour in the morning and one hour in the evening. The case he has made out for this reform on behalf of the working class voters is unanswerable.

Irish Emigration Statistics.

Modern Man has had a good deal to say about the high rate at which the English rural classes are emigrating. The official report upon the last census of Ireland may be read as a warning as to what (proportionately) may come to in this country. Between the Irish census of 1891 and that of 1911, the population has decreased from 4,390,219 to 4,390,219; 1.54 per cent. For the cause of this shrinkage, turn to the Irish emigration returns. In 1912 no fewer than 15,675 males and 14,124 females emigrated from the country—6.7 per 1,000 of the whole people. Nearly one-third of these "exiles of Erin" were between 15 and 25 years of age.

Since 1851, 4,247,360 Irish people have emigrated from the country—per cent. of the average population of the country. In the case of Ulster's average population, the percentage is 109.9!

Japs in California.

From Tokio we note the news that the Japanese Emperor has presented a report to the Japanese Emperor to the effect that the Californian anti-Japanese legislation, and the decision of President Wilson not to take action in the case, make it necessary to prepare a test case for the Supreme Court in order to prove that the Japanese are not of Mongolian origin, and that it is therefore possible for them to assume citizenship in California. But to get over this, the Californians the Japanese will have to show more than that they are not Mongolians—they will have to prove that they are not Japanese.

Does the Cap Fit You?

The Laplanders set an example in the matter of church attendance at Church that tens of thousands of Englishmen would benefit themselves by following. Mr. Butler, just back from Lapland, testifies that all his people go to Church twice a year—on Easter Sunday and on Christmas Sunday in December. Better twice than never.

"Man-made" Law that Shields Woman.

Suffragettes make a complaint of the fact that the laws (like those of all other countries, for the matter) are "man-made." Just because they are "man-made," some of them are lopsidedly indulgent towards women. For instance, a woman who commits a felony in the presence of her husband is exempt from responsibility, the fact of her being that she acts under his coercion. This does not seem very complimentary, but the fact of exemption is more than any compliment.

In directing the jury to find "not guilty" a woman in circumstances to which this exemption applied, the judge at the London Sessions explained the law on the point involved, and remarked that "little was ever heard of the provision under which the prisoner must be discharged."

"MODERN MAN" OFFERS YOU £500 FOR RACING RESULTS

"We hear," he said, "much more about certain provisions said to be against women. The provision in question has not been a topic of general conversation at certain meetings which have been prevalent of recent years."

"Permission" Preposterous.

Postal servants are to be allowed to join the Dartford and District "Local Parliament" if they want to, Mr. Postmaster-General Herbert Samuel having graciously intimated that there is no objection to members of the Post Office staff at Dartford joining the local Parliament.

It is preposterous that any such sanction should have been necessary, or even thought to have been.

A Smile with Smyly.

Judge Smyly's remark to a doctor at Bow County Court last week invites a smile. The doctor testified that a plaintiff was suffering from traumatic neurasthenia, which suggests something bad enough for anybody. But His Honour was not impressed. "When you have examined a man and cannot find anything the matter with him, don't you often put it down to traumatic neurasthenia?" he asked. "Yes, that is so," confessed the medico—perhaps remembering that he was on oath.

If to have traumatic neurasthenia is the same thing as "having nothing the matter," we should like to catch it.

Channel Tunnel.

The question asked by Mr. Fell in the House of Commons about the Channel Tunnel may lead to a re-opening of the whole subject—which won't hurt so long as nothing leads to the opening of a Tunnel. On the part of some who cursed the idea years ago, there is now a tendency to bless it. All talk about "greatly changed conditions," and about newly devised means of precaution and protection at our end of the hole, is rubbish. The objections to linking this island

with the Continent, by constructing a sub-marine passageway are vital and immutable.

"For Those in Peril on the Sea."

"During the year which has passed since the sinking of the 'Titanic' the problem of the saving of life at sea in all sorts of emergencies has been made a special study by the inventive. A really remarkable number of mechanical devices for ships and those on board have been taken to the Patent Office. These include means for the speedier and safer lowering of boats, ship fittings designed to be readily detached and used as rafts, and buoyant fittings for individual use. In direct relation with the nature of the disaster to the great liner are inventions for detecting the near presence of ice in fog and darkness, and for enabling a wireless distress signal to be received even though the operator is off duty.

While the practical utility of some of these devices is very doubtful, there are others that have demonstrated their practicability and efficiency, and that will, on adoption, decrease the inevitable perils of ocean travel.

Suicide and "Philosophy."

What a lot of harm the miserable and false "philosophy" of Omar Khayyam is responsible for. Not for the first time, the old Pagan was quoted significantly in the "last letter" of a suicide the other day.

"One moment in Annihilation's waste,
One moment, of the Well of Life to taste—
The stars are setting, and the Caravan
Starts for the Dawn of Nothing—Oh, make haste!"

This is poetry, and, technically, poetry of a high order—which only makes its sentiment the more mischievous and pestiferous. We should find in poetry a tonic, to nerve and move us to action; not a soporific, to lull us to mortal sleep in hopeless abandonment of effort. Don't exhort the Caravan to make haste to start for the Dawn of Nothing—bid it tarry while you do something.



A PLEA FOR THE CHURCH.

NORTH COUNTRY READER WINS OUR LAST PENSION PRIZE.

MAGNETIC MEN AND WEIRD WOMEN

THE "LOVE" CURE FOR DISEASE.

"Modern Man" Special.

Wonderful London is full of wonderful things. And none are more astounding and secret than the doings of the "Magnetic Healers" who just at present are flourishing and fat. Some are disposed to be querulous, for so much in demand are their services that they can scarcely snatch a moment's respite to take food and rest. At all hours of the day, and quite far into the night—and often when ordinary folks are fast asleep—these singular "physicians" are hard at work diagnosing and healing disease, and at the same time dispensing spiritual advice (for a cash consideration).

Secret "Circles" for Silly Women.

This matter has little to do with Spiritualism. Many excellent men and women honestly believe they have communion with departed shades, and they are entitled to hold their own views, however singular to the ordinary mind.

But I am dealing with two ingredients in a wonderful mix-up of Humanity, and quite characteristic of suburban life in London. On one side are found certain men—glib, showy, and able to dispense the "mystic" with the right touch. On the other are foolish women who have a big longing to peer into strange things and make a sort of conducted tour into the land of "Naughty—naughty" led by guides who know well how to drug an uncomfortable conscience or baffle judgment by smooth words.

Of course, everything must have a distinguishable label or Suburbia is at a loss how to talk it over with the next door neighbour. And some genius has dubbed it "Magnetic healing," so that every young or Autumnal lady who has an internal pain or a fit of the dumps may run to one of those entrancing "circles" (admission on a cash basis only) where "Mr. High-brow" dispenses Health for the body and Life for the Soul.

These gatherings are held with all the secrecy of a meeting of conspirators against law and order, and besides the entrance fee, signs and countersigns are demanded.

Let me sketch from life a "circle" held last week, and at which I had the honour to be present.

The scene was laid in the "best-room" of a dreary Suburban home South of the Thames. The hour seven in the evening. Arrivals were received by the "Healer's" wife—a little creature who appeared crushed by the towering personality of her husband. Her mission was a simple one—to ask for the password and take the cash. When I arrived there were assembled almost a score of women, and I found that besides myself there was only one other man. We huddled together for companionship.

In the Presence of the "Healer."

I was the last to come in, and the door having been fastened a rustle of expectation announced the coming of the "Healer." He fluttered in and sank into the centre chair. The incandescent light lit up a pale, waxen face, with wavering blue eyes and a pear-shaped head crowned with a mass of flaxen hair. Obviously the man was a bundle of nerves for he fidgetted uncomfortably, but addressed nobody. The women present were well mixed, ranging from the pretty miss who had come in search of "spiritual illumination," and was inclined to giggle at the wrong moment, to the stout widow in black who had internal pains, soul-depression, and an incurable itch of curiosity to know whether another husband was on the tapis. In between I discerned those various types of respectable womanhood that are found in Suburbia.

At first silence filled the room as completely as at a Quaker's service. Then suddenly the "Healer" cried out in a sepulchral voice—"Martha, we will dispense with the light." Immediately his wife pulled down the by-pass of the gas-burner, and the room was in darkness, save for a pin-point of light. Then the business began.

In the gloom I just made out the figure of the "Healer" hunched up in his chair. He seemed to be suffering. First he tapped his forehead; then he groaned heavily; then he undulated; and finally he stretched wide his arms and appeared to grow rigid. A lady next to me volunteered the information that he was "going off,"—the correct term, it appears, for the trance-like state necessary to work the "magnetic healing" business. A moment later and he commenced to mutter. Gradually his voice grew clearer, until

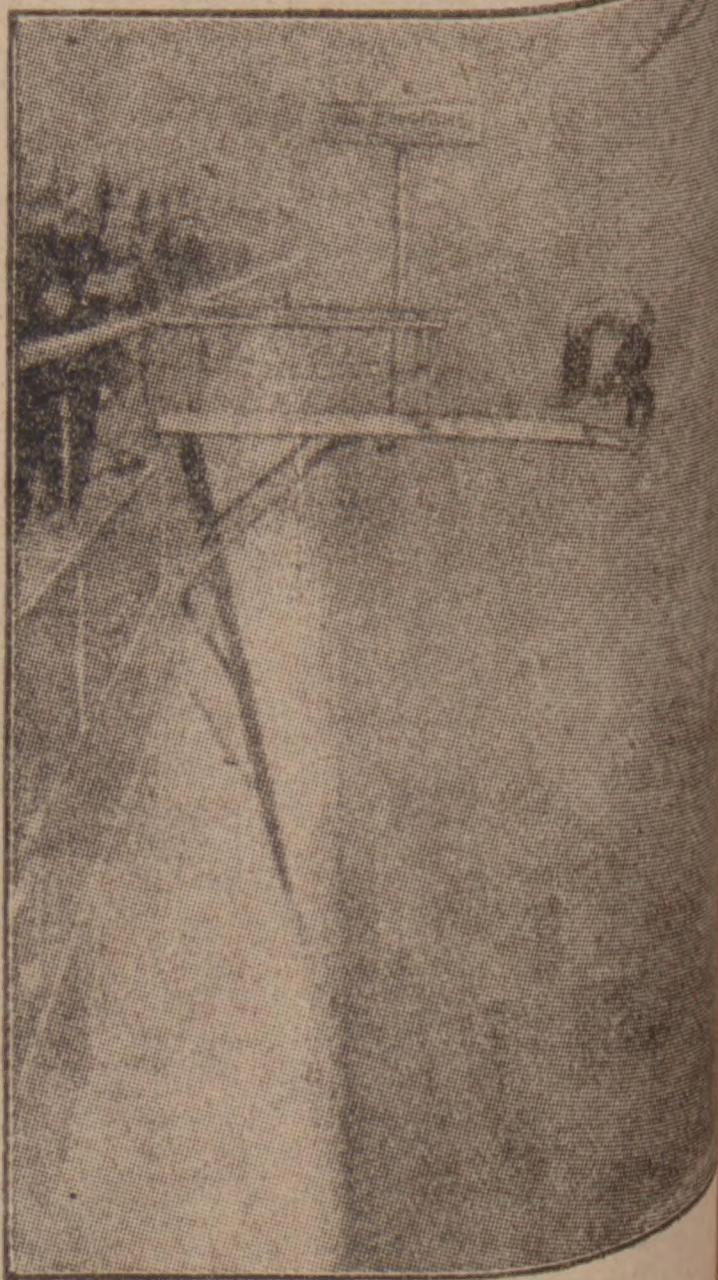
at last in a decidedly creepy voice the "Healer" announced—"I am possessed by the Spirit of Tanitha the Great Healer. Come unto me for healing."

At first there was nothing doing. Then a lady tremblingly asked whether she might "state her case." Permission having been given, she commenced a recital of ailments usually reserved for the private ear of the doctor. But having exhausted the list the "Healer" desired her to come forward. She did so, sinking at his feet. He came forward and commenced stroking her face and hair. I was informed, was to "communicate the magnetic cure to her." Finishing, the "Healer" cleared his throat and edified us with a homily on the lady's case.

"You are Starving for Love."

Speaking broadly, we were treated to a sermonette on subject of "love-hunger." The woman was unmarried, but in the opinion of the speaker this was a mistake. "grave mistake," he piped in a high falsetto, and found a phrase so attractive that he repeated it. "You are starving for love," he said, almost crossly, and bending forward applied some more magnetism. In the darkness I could just make out his fluttering fingers ranging over the form, and the faint ray of light from the gas-light behind her head tilted back. She was submerging herself beneath the subtle waves of sex-magnetism that flowed from the caressing touch of this little illiterate, and it pleased her to call her folly by the name of "healing." For this virtuous pleasure she and her foolish sisters were willing to fill the pocket of the "Magnetic Man,"—perhaps a division of labour.

I hope in a further article to give some more revelations concerning this latest Suburban craze.



THE NERVE TEST.
Granting an Aviator's License in 1950.

YOU CANNOT SEND IN FOOTBALL COUPONS AFTER THURSDAY

ONLY FOUR DAYS LEFT.

We wind up the Football Season in Grand Style.

THE GREATEST PRIZE EVER OFFERED,

FIRST PRIZE,

£10 A WEEK FOR LIFE

SECOND PRIZE,

£52 A YEAR FOR TWO YEARS.

We believe we are correct in saying that such big prizes have never been offered before by any paper, but we determined to wind up the football season in record style and give all our readers the opportunity of winning the most handsome prize it may ever be your lot in life to compete for. Not a single reader of "Modern Man" can afford to pass by this golden chance. This is your last opportunity to collect coupons. You cannot secure too many, as any one of them correctly filled in will make you independent for life. In addition to the prizes mentioned above, we offer **10/- a Week for Two Years to the Newsagent** whose name and address appears on the coupon which is successful in securing the first prize. The Coupon is printed with the conditions on the back page. You can

SEND IN AS MANY COUPONS AS YOU LIKE

and they must reach our offices not later than first post on Friday, April 25.

For Coupon and Conditions see back page.

TABLOID TOPICS.

From Here, There, and Everywhere.

"Has ragtime come to stay?" asks a popular weekly. If it does stay some people will begin to call it D-ragtime.

The London Opera House revue, "Come Over Here," is sure to "go" over here.

Belgium is striking for the principle of "one man, one vote." A singular grievance, surely!

"Motorists are asking," says *Lloyd's News*, "whether driving is good for the liver." Yes, if he escapes alive.

"A good husband should remember his wedding anniversary," says one of the model wives at the Simple Life Exhibition. Sometimes, unfortunately, he can't forget it.

Trim Rural Council have given all bachelors occupying their cheap cottages notice to quit. If the order is not complied with, the marriage brokers will be put in.

"April is the most difficult month in which to dress," says a fashion writer. People certainly don't like getting up these cold, wintry morns.

If "art lies in concealing art" then post-impressionism is art.

A woman recently attributed her "fall" to the fact that she had been left a legacy. She must have lost her "balance" at the bank.

"Women instrumentalists have never had a chance," says Mr. George Shapiro. The newest cry—"Notes for Women."

("Women make no effort to conceal the size of their feet," says the *Evening News*.)

Maudie wore a lengthy frock,
Hiding both her pretty feet;
Maudie didn't want to shock
Passers by in Regent Street.
Maudie soon began to see
Bigger feet than hers displayed;
Maudie thought she'd like to be
Just a little less afraid.
Maudie's frock began to grow
Just a little shorter still;
Maudie now will deign to show
Little bits of dainty frill.
Maudie hasn't finished yet,
And, of course, she's not to blame.
Maudie is a girl, you bet,
With a kind of higher aim.

THE A B C OF SUCCESS.

Ambition.	Nobility.
Bravery.	Order.
Caution.	Punctuality.
Determination.	Quickness.
Earnestness.	Readiness.
Fairness.	Steadiness.
Gameness.	Tirelessness.
Honesty.	Uprightness.
Independence.	Versatility.
Justice.	Wisdom.
Keeness.	'Xactness.
Labour.	Yearning.
Method.	Zeal.

Judge.

IT WILL BE TOO LATE TO SEND FOOTBALL COUPONS NEXT WEEK.



WHEN EXTREMES MEET.

MANSLAUGHTER!

A Pathetic Story of the Ring.

"He's dead." The doctor's voice sounded strange amid the tense silence which gripped the huge assembly.

"Dead!" Bill Woods staggered back, the exclamation wrung from him in a strangled cry.

"You must come to the station, please," said one of the police constables in attendance, who had climbed into the ring at the first suspicion of wrong.

Bill held out his hands in a dazed way for his gloves to be taken off. His head was spinning. He neither saw nor heard the vast audience as it filed out into the streets, talking excitedly in subdued tones of this sudden tragedy in the match for the championship.

Dead! He, Bill Woods, had killed a man. He shuddered at the thought. Although he knew it was a fair fight, murder was the uppermost thought in his confused brain. Then, little by little, as he came to himself, he thought of the championship belt he had just gained—at the cost of a man's life.

The court was crowded at the inquest. Fanned by the Press, public opinion had been aroused. The word "Manslaughter" was on people's lips, for Billy Woods was known as a hard hitter.

Bill heard it. The thought obsessed him. "Manslaughter" blazed before his eyes and dinned in his ears. Bill's evidence was given in a strange, dazed manner, and he utterly broke down when he tried to relate the last tragic incident of the fight.

"Death due to heart failure, induced by privation and strain" was the medico's opinion, and the jury gave their verdict accordingly, murmurs of approval and relief ensuing from the public.

Free and acquitted though he was, Billy Woods could not console himself.

His career was shattered. He could box no more. His nerve was gone. His wife, with his little girl, his friends

and patrons, tried to shake him from the brooding despair that had settled on his life, but with no effect.

Three years had passed. Billy Woods was where he was so well known, and here there was whom he could turn.

It was May time, and a pleasure fair was in full swing on some waste land in the town. Billy, aimlessly wandering around, halted before a boxing booth.

He read, and then read again, a poster exhibited on the side, which was to the effect that a local middleweight exponent would fight any comer for a purse provided by the management, the contest to take place that afternoon.

The thought which had occurred to him—to try the ring, for the means of prolonging existence—Then he thought of his last appearance, and his blood turned to water.

Then came desperation to nerve him, and he stepped self to take the one chance offered him.

Once inside, the crowded booth and the roped-off ring which a couple of locals were providing an overture back to Billy some of his old enthusiasm. His feelings were very mixed, but he did not feel nervous. He stood and watched each bout until the particular announcement was made which interested him.

He waited. The manager had guaranteed £10 to whoever could beat his protégé, and £2 to the man who lost the last five rounds. No one seemed to be eager to accept the challenge.

The announcement was repeated, and the boxer came up and down the booth.

Suddenly into the ring skimmed a ragged, dirty-looking fellow. Billy after it.

Manager, opponent and crowd stared in amazement at the fortnight's growth of beard had given Billy a certain amount of ferociousness, while spare living had accentuated his gaunt frame.

The conditions were read over to Billy. He began to strip. He was thinking rapidly. He could not last even the five rounds. It was neck or nothing.

The fight began. The first round was tame. Billy was reserving every ounce of his strength, while his opponent was still cautious.

In the second round Billy got a nasty blow on the heart, and when he rose for the next three minutes he was feeling very weak. Worse, his punch was gone. He countered a lead and sent in his right, but the blow made the local man toss his head up, as if annoyed. Billy must get back that punch!

But Billy knew he was almost played out, and the referee's whistle had already begun to whistle and murmur at the time the fare which was provided.

The local man made an obvious effort to finish Billy in the first round. The move was apparent most of all to Billy, his heart bumping, his breath coming in sobs, his head singing from blows, remembered at this eleventh hour the old, very old trick which had been useful to him in the past. A quick feint, a guard surprised, and then his right crashed home with every atom of his remaining strength. Then he tottered, and leaned on the ropes, spent.

But the punch had succeeded. The crowd gasped and roared.

As the seconds were counted up to ten, the local man did not move.

Billy, leaning against the ropes in a comatose state, counted as from afar. He had won. He had won ten pounds. He —

The counting stopped. Billy looked up with a start and caught sight of the referee bending over his adversary.

Something in Billy's brain snapped. "Manslaughter!" he cried, chokingly—lurched forward and collapsed on the reviving form of his opponent.

"Heart failure," said the doctor, laconically.

NATURAL INFERENCE.

"I'm surprised to hear of Maud being engaged to Mr. Gayman; he's so awfully fast."

"Then Maud must be fast, too, for she caught him."

LAST CHANCE OF THE SEASON TO WIN OUR LIFE PENSION.

OTHER PEOPLE'S INDISCRETIONS

AND THINGS WE HAVE HEARD.

There has recently been some fluttering in the dovecotes of those favoured firms who hold warrants to supply goods to the Court owing to certain "trafficking" practices having come to light. King George, brushing aside precedents with an impatient hand, scotched the scandal very quickly, and three firms at least were struck off the list of warrant-holders.

But attention might very well be directed to the shameful state of affairs that prevails in certain large firms that have the privilege of supplying the greater part of Queen Mary's wardrobe. Surely it is a sad state of affairs that in those establishments the wages paid are so wretched that a life of semi-immorality is regarded as the usual thing.

Why has the gentleman at Hull who developed a fancy a short time ago for "golf in the country" left the town? Is it not a fact that a good many worthy people would be glad to know his present whereabouts?

What is the exact meaning of the term, "Birds of Paradise for Sale," and if some of the "birds" that were shown to a gentleman in the neighbourhood of Shaftesbury Avenue a few days ago were of a very peculiar species?

Why did the gentleman dressed in clerical attire, who was so conspicuous in the Empire lounge bar this week, wear a false beard? And what was the nature of the communication he made to one of the attendants?

Has the Peer who is carrying on such a desperate flirtation with the little woman that he meets at a smart tea-shop in the West End each Wednesday evening any idea that the lady is a housemaid in a fellow-peer's mansion?

And how much has he expended during the past few months in presents upon his charmer? Certainly the story that she has told with regard to her romantic origin does her imagination credit.

At last the police are moving in the matter of the scandal of the bogus medical establishments of London. Some drastic regulations are being framed and will soon be put into effect. Which establishment is just now suffering badly from nervous apprehension?

Is not the stage struck peer rather foolish to devote large sums of money to financing the enterprises of the son of a well-known actress? And would the peer's wife strictly approve of his reasons for doing so?

It is high time that the scandal of certain "Rescue Homes" in this country, especially in London, was shown up to an indignant public. The places in question, nominally homes of refuge for fallen women, are in reality simply dens wherein the unfortunates are subjected to even greater indignities than would ordinarily fall to their lot in their previous circumstances. They are, in short, run for a small and wealthy circle.

The profit—and this is indeed a profit, running as it does into thousands a year—derived from the enormous "grants" paid to the institution by the charitable "committee," find their way into the banking account of the titled but unscrupulous "patroness"—and this constitutes so flagrant an outrage on public decency that we are at a loss to understand why no official action has yet been taken.

What are the names of the three amateur County cricketers who are shaking very violently in their shoes just now over a rumour that the M.C.C. may shortly make an investigation into their claims to an amateur status?

How much did a certain member of the Cabinet pay a woman of notorious character for the negative of a photograph showing him in her company? And if the woman had demanded twice as much as she did would not the politician in question have paid it?

Some very strange things are happening in a select suburb of London. Just at present I do not propose to go into details, but shall watch developments. A notorious adventurer who coins money from women by means of a glib tongue and an imposing appearance is the chief actor in a drama that may possibly have a tragic ending. The word "magic" is frequently used by those who attend these seances.

Why, when Colonel ——— cited a relation of his wife's as co-respondent in a divorce writ which has since been withdrawn, did he not cite a certain Peer in the same way as well? And had a little matter of £1,000 anything to do with it?



Our Financial Note: "A general tightness all round."

When an elegantly attired man left the Empire the other evening and dropped his gold-knobbed stick accidentally on the foot of another man following, why was the latter so obviously painfully hurt? Was the stick loaded? And if so, would this fact give any hint of the means of livelihood adopted by its possessor?

Was not the gallant retired officer who rather fancies his ability to "cut up 'cans'" with the cards a little peevish the other day after a little game of nap with a boyish-looking individual in a train travelling between Cheltenham and London?

Why is the manager of a Strand restaurant always to be seen at night in a neighbouring music hall? Who pays for the enormous quantity of liquor he gets through in that place nightly? And what is the business he transacts frequently with several of the artistes performing there?

£500 IS THE PREMIER PRIZE FOR RACING RESULTS.

WHAT'S ON IN STAGE LAND.

Theatre Notes and Notions.

"Hullo, Ragtime!" is still doing great guns at the Hippodrome. If anything, the Revue becomes more popular day by day. It is estimated that over half a million people have witnessed the production, and I am told that it could run until next Christmas—and I shouldn't be surprised if it did.

Edgar Wallace's "Hello, Exchange!" at the Pavilion is the latest entrant into the domains of Music Hall enterprise, and is *Ar*. There is only one complaint—and that is, it is provokingly brief.

The scenic sensations are something to marvel at, and altogether it is a capital skit on our present day telephonic communication. The complications that arise throughout this 15 minutes' scream give one an adequate idea of what the poor girl at the Exchange has to tolerate.

When Geo. Edwardes opens the Daly's with his very latest musical comedy, "The Marriage Market," the chorus alone will eclipse anything ever yet seen. Verily has he chosen an appropriate title. The thing is—will he regret this title!

The clever study of blatant vulgarity presented by Miss Violet Vanbrugh in Mr. Louis Meyer's revival of Mr. Bouchier's "Woman in the Case" at the Strand is as vivid as previously. I do wish Margaret Rolfe would strangle her every night as before, though! I love a little nightmare. *Au Jour!*

"Open Windows" should be the order of the day at the St. James's for quite a long time. Trust Sir George Alexander for choosing good things.

Playgoers are as keen as ever on "Oh, Oh Delphine" at the Shaftesbury and "The Headmaster" at the Playhouse.



S. W. WYNDHAM,
ONE OF THE MOST
LAUGHABLE COME-
DIANS ON THE HALLS.

No! Why, sure it's Mr. Seymour Hicks," and then a neighbour would be heard to say "Oh yes, so it is."

W.R.C.R.



CLEVER WISH WYNNE.

Congratulations to plucky Miss Ethel Irving on the courage of an adverse conviction! "Vanity" is already relegated to the oblivion of partial failure, and will be replaced by the proved success, "Lady Frederick," next Saturday night, at the Globe.

Although "The Greatest Wish" is still going strong enough to last for months, Mr. Bouchier informs us that "Croesus"—a play by a millionaire on the sorrows of the rich—will be seen at the Garrick at Whitsuntide.

Frank H. Fox, the active comedian, who opens at the Metropolitan and Shoreditch next week after a successful provincial tour, very closely resembles Mr. Seymour Hicks, and this fact has been responsible for many amusing experiences.

Last year Miss Ellaline Terriss was appearing in Exeter—and so was Mr. Fox. He tells me that repeatedly during the week—both whilst out walking or in a building—he frequently heard remarks such as these: "There goes Mr. Seymour Hicks—you know, Ellaline Terriss's husband"; or, "I say, do you recognise that gentleman?"

No! Why, sure it's Mr. Seymour Hicks," and then a neighbour would be heard to say "Oh yes, so it is."

"OPEN-AIR" MURDER
CONSUMPTIVES.Searching Inquiry by the Government
Necessary.

Speaking in 1900 on the then comparatively novel treatment of consumption on the open-air treatment, the William Broadbent prophesied that "Consumption in a very short time become an extraordinary rare disease."

Terribly and utterly has time falsified this confident prediction. Five years afterwards the prophet's things" had to admit that London's consumption numbered 90,000, that the ratio of deaths from had increased and was increasing.

Treatment Induces Complications.

At the present time the mortality is very appalling. The idea of the "Open-Air Cure" seems to have become and to obsess more minds than ever.

What are the principal characteristics of the to-date Sanatorium Open-Air System? In the first place, exposure to all the inclemencies of our weather; and in the second the stuffing of patients with inordinate quantities of food. If that reply be a one, if in either respect modification has been introduced, we invite correction and enlightenment.

In deadly earnest we ask what are the results? subject to authoritative contradiction, we answer: the first head the rigour of the treatment induces complications, such as catarrh, pleurisy, etc., aggravation of the original disease, so that the last patients is worse than their first.

As regards the stuffing system, the consequences are impaired or ruined digestion, a loathing and mal-tion of food (itself one of the predisposing causes of consumption), and the accumulation of a large amount of fluous adipose tissue, which rapidly disappears as the patient can stuff no longer.

Failures Kept in the Dark.

Then how is to be accounted for the extremely high mortality returns of such institutions as we are referring to?

But for the fact that we have access to the letters from some few of which we shall quote, we hesitate to suggest—as we do suggest—that patients in a hopeless condition are labelled "Cured" and told to die somewhere else; and that failures generally are kept in the dark. What we want and call for is "light."

"A friend of mine," declares the writer of a letter to an eminent physician, "not long since came back from a Sanatorium, and died in two days. It was cruel to his friends ignorant of his condition until the very last."

"I have been to great expense in going to the Hospital," deposes another correspondent. "It has all come out to be money thrown away. I am worse in all respects."

Good for Fancied Ailments.

Particularly outspoken is an indignant protest from Croydon: "I write in the interest of humanity. I have been in a well-known Hospital in England for the treatment of Consumption, and from what I have seen of this Hospital, and what I have suffered myself, and from there with very little the matter with me and complicated with the complication of bronchitis and asthma added to my first complaint, I think myself fortunate in coming out of the early part of autumn, for with the advance of the year I should consider this place would be a wholesale slaughter-house—nothing short of it."

"It is a mystery I cannot unravel what interest the medical profession can have to serve in following out this treatment in our climate. . . . If it is an experiment, it would suggest that they should first choose from the healthiest, and see how many of them would die without being the worse. . . . let alone poor devils who have to combat a deadly disease."

Duty of the Government.

These and many other communications challenge—not of very recent date, but the gloom is on the ground. Sanatorium patients are to be increased in number under the Insurance Act. It is the duty of the Government to institute a searching inquiry into the matter of Sanatorium treatment without delay.

£500 IS THE PREMIER PRIZE FOR RACING RESULTS.



FROM HIM!

An April morning reminder that she is to be a bride in June.—*Judge*.

GET READY TO LAUGH.

AND HE WAS UNHAPPY.

A school teacher said to her boys, "Now, I am going to give you each three buttons. You must think of the first as representing life, the second liberty, and the third as happiness. In three days I want you to produce these buttons and tell me what they represent." On the appointed day the teacher called one of the youngest pupils for the buttons. "I ain't got 'em all," he sobbed. "Here's life and here's liberty, but the mudder went and sewed happiness on me."—*Newark Star*.

HIS FAULTY MEMORY.

A lady of the house had a worried look on her face as she came down to breakfast. "What's the matter, midget?" she said to the maid, "Mr. Bodkin hasn't been here all night. I am somewhat alarmed—I do hope that he's not wrong." "Don't worry your heart, th' mister's all right!" reassured the maid. "He's down on th' front duremat right now, mum. He's been there a long time, but he can't remember where he's goin' out or comin' in. Whin he's made up his mind I'll let ye know."—*Cleveland Plain Dealer*.

TWO HEADS; THIRTEEN TAILS.

A woman went shopping for furs. She came home with a sable scarf and remarked to her sister, who was sitting by a fire, "That stupid salesman tried to get me a fur with two heads. I cannot tolerate the thing if it's anything. Whoever heard of an animal with two heads?" The sister looked critically at the scarf; then a smile of triumph lit up her face. "Yes," she remarked, "you bought a fur with two heads, but you bought one with thirteen tails."—*Sunday Magazine*.

SOMETHING AWFUL.

"How dare you advertise that you do painless dentistry?" "Did I hurt you, Miss?" "Absolute torture! You talked for five minutes at a time when I couldn't interrupt!"

* * *

Mamma: The nurse told me you used a naughty word to-day, Flossie.

Small Flossie: Huh! Nurse don't know it all! I used several of them.

* * *

THE SPICE OF LIFE.

Miss Slimums: Mr. Bulky, why don't you turkey-trot with more variety?

Mr. Bulky: How so? What do you mean, Miss Slimums?

Miss Slimums (sweetly): You might step on my right foot now; the left foot has had enough!—*Puck*.

* * *

A CHANGED MAN.

"Are you the same man who ate my mince-pie last week?"

"No, mum. I'll never be the same man again!"—*New York Mail*.

* * *

"He's a deep thinker."

"I guess so. None of his ideas ever get to the surface."—*Detroit Free Press*.

* * *

BREAKING IT GENTLY..

"Whom have you there in tow?"

"This is Rip Van Winkle. He just woke up."

"Why guard him so carefully?"

"Well, we're letting him see the women's style gradually, you know."—*Courier-Journal*.

NUDDERSFIELD READER WINS £1 A WEEK FOR TWO YEARS.

AMONG THE FOOTBALLERS.

Teams and their Prospects.

By the time I write you again the uncertainty at present prevailing as to who shall call themselves champions will be a thing of the past. Sunderland have three matches to play yet, which is a pretty big handful after their strenuous game on Saturday, but even so they should certainly get the two points necessary to assure them of their position at the head of affairs as it would do. It will be necessary for them to gather them in, however, before they get to Bolton on Saturday, as they are not likely to bring anything from Burnden Park.

Should the Wearsiders fail to get two points out of their remaining matches, then the "Villa" would threaten some sort of danger, though I cannot quite see them finishing at the top, seeing that they have to get at least five of the possible six points out of their remaining matches, against, as I have already said, the two required by Sunderland.

The "Brums" have anything but an easy task in their last match, when they meet Newcastle, who will at least hold them in check. Sheffield Wednesday still have some sort of a chance, again providing that Sunderland fail everywhere, but I cannot conceive this as being likely, and I am pretty certain that when next Saturday evening arrives we shall see that the latter have nailed their flag to the mast for the season 1912-13.

I fancy that the "Blades" will wind up with a victory at Everton. If their fate is not settled in the interim, the match between Chelsea and Notts County will provoke more interest than any other in the League, and it is pretty certain that Notts will go under.

Certain of Promotion.

Bradford should beat Tottenham, and Manchester City and West Bromwich should repulse their visitors. Oldham may not be equal to getting more than one point out of Manchester United, and Woolwich will hardly accomplish even this much against Middlesbrough.

Both Preston and Burnley are certain of promotion, but even were this not so, and this week's matches were to decide their fate, they would not feel very uneasy about the matter, as both are certain to win, Preston against Blackpool, and the runners up at the expense of Stockport, both of whom have to seek re-election.

The remaining matches in this League look like resulting in favour of the home teams, except perhaps at Glossop, where the "Wolves" may win, and Bristol City, where Bury might possibly get a point.

It is hazard to guess who will finish at the top of the Southern League, but I should not be surprised were it Plymouth Argyle. They have a match in hand of Swindon, which they should win, and they look to me to have a better chance of bagging a couple at Home Park on Saturday, against Northampton, than the "Railwaymen" have at Brighton. They have still another chance over their rivals in that should they tie in the matter of points they have the better goal average, which would, of course, count in their favour.

Queen's Park Rangers are out of the running for honours, but this will have no bearing on the play at the Palace, and they will give the "Glaziers" a pretty warm time, and probably bring a point away with them. If West Ham have any chance at all of finishing at the top they will see to it that Portsmouth do not get much of a look in; but, whether or no, they should get both points.

CYCLE TO SUCCESS.

In the world of business to-day it is a continual pitting of one man's brains against another's, and the prizes are awarded to those who maintain a high degree of mental and physical fitness. Mental alertness is a great asset, an important factor to success, and the rational way to retain it is by cycling, but see that your choice falls on a reliable, easy running, "last-for-ever" machine, qualities that are inseparably associated with the high-grade Coventry cycles, which are a speciality of the well-known, easy-payment house of Messrs. Edward O'Brien, Ltd., the world's largest cycle dealers, Coventry.

A reliable and serviceable machine can be purchased from Messrs. O'Brien for £3 10s. One of the slogans of this enterprising firm is "Best Quality, Finest Grade, Coventry Cycles at Pounds Below the Makers' Prices." It would be a good plan to write for their latest 1913 catalogues.

MY NOTE BOOK.

AN IMPORTANT CHANGE IN TITLE.

I have decided on a very important change in your paper, which I am sure will meet your approval, because it means still larger circulation to your favourite weekly. The change will be in the title, and improvements in the contents, in which sport for women will take a prominent part.

With the issue dated May 10th I have decided to drop the word *Man* and substitute the word *Life*, thus making the title *Modern Life*.

I feel certain you will all endorse my decision as being in the right direction, for in point of fact *Modern Life* title, correctly bears out the contents of the paper. letterpress and illustrations on every page depict modern life in some form or other.

Your paper in these days is as interesting to the ladies as to you, and many a time readers have pointed out what a bar the present title is to the ladies buying the paper, and I am sure none of you will grudge them this pennyworth.

The ladies like it for its exclusive Royal and Society love affairs, and its many other interesting features.

You like it because its Plain Speaking, straight and complete stories are the best.

Therefore, let it be *Modern Life* in future, for the benefit of women, and help to double its sale by introducing it to your friends.

ONLY FOUR DAYS LEFT FOR FOOTBALL COUPONS.

There will be no excuse for you being late with your football coupons, which may place you in an independent position for life. In quite a number of cases this issue you are told that only four days are left in which to put your football skill to the test. It is positively your last opportunity this year because in a very short time now the popular winter sport will have given place to cricket.

£10 a week for life is what we offer you, and any eligible to enter this competition should fail to take advantage of it. So set about it at once if you have not already done so, and please remember that all coupons must reach our offices not later than first post Friday morning.

This week I am able to announce the result of the Football Competition. No reader succeeded in accurately forecasting the results of all the matches, but Mr. Starkey, of Huddersfield, sent in fifteen right, and takes the £10 a week for life. To the winner, I extend my heartiest congratulations, and there is no doubt he is an enthusiastic competitor in connection with No. 20.

As promised last week, another big prize is waiting for the winner of the Racing Results. For full details see page 21 and begin to collect your coupons straight away.

DOES BALD- HEADEDNESS MAKE BACHELORS?

"Does bald-headedness make a man a bachelor?" asks a correspondent beyond the Channel. "P.R." gives no reason for putting the question, so it is to be hoped that the answer will be "thatch" be thin and, in consequence, the man is languishing for someone to love him, he will not be a bachelor. theory appended drive him to despair. On the other hand, should determine to show the ingenious author of the theory that, at any rate, so far as he is concerned he is less out of it. Now for the theory:

"Bald-headedness does not impair a man's ability to conduct ordinary affairs of life. He can buy or sell, open a bank, or accept an office with not enough hair on his head to make a first-class eyebrow; but when it comes to making love to a girl it is very much in the way.

"There is a great deal of capillary attraction in the hair. Girls adore a handsome head of glossy hair; it is a great advantage. And when a lover comes to woo her with the top of his head shining like a billiard ball, he is at a disadvantage.

"Just as the words that grow and the thoughts that begin to awaken in her bosom a sympathetic thrill, she happens to notice two or three flies promenading over her phrenological organs, and all is over. Girls are not so easily won. She immediately becomes more interested in those flies than in all his lovely language. While he is pouring out words of love and passion she is wondering how the flies manage to hold on to such a slippery surface."

"P.R." I know many baldheaded men who were not married. Perhaps this will help you a little. I have correctly guessed your reason for writing.

YOUR EDITOR.

YOUR LAST FOOTBALL OPPORTUNITY THIS SEASON.



THE MODERN MAN: No. 40.—MR. C. GRAHAME-WHITE.

Just now when we hear so much of daring feats by aviators, the time is opportune to give to our readers a sketch of that famous aeronaut, Mr. C. Grahame-White, whose activities in the cause of aircraft are so well known.

It was in November, 1909, that Mr. Grahame-White came to London in the cause of aircraft, being one of the first Englishmen to use an aeroplane. Since then he has flown in every country in the world, as well as in the United States, when in 1910 he won the Gordon Bennett cup.

Needless to say, Mr. Grahame-White has had his fair share of accidents, one of which at least came near being very serious. As regards these, the popular aviator is content to say that fully ninety per cent. of the accidents that are due to the faults of the airman.

He has admitted that all his own come in this category, either when he was trying something new or when he was lacking in judgment. "From the mechanical point of view," he says, "there is no reason why flying should not be absolutely safe, as indeed I believe it is."

Mr. Grahame-White believes that before the next twenty years have passed a speed of 250-300 miles an hour will be attained in aircraft.

When the well-known airman first became interested in flying, he was dubbed an optimist, was told that flying was only a fine weather recreation, that it was a craze which would die a natural death, and so on. But others have experienced similar rebuffs. For instance, Mr. Marconi, the inventor of the "Modern Man" sketch last week, was ridiculed when he first talked of wireless messages over thousands of miles of distance.



ONLY FOUR DAYS LEFT TO SEND IN FOOTBALL COUPONS.

OF INTEREST TO MODERN WOMEN

The statistics fiend in France who, the other day, announced that after years of investigation he could tell the average amount of time woman spends before her mirror between the ages of six and 70 has not been acclaimed a hero. The average per day he proudly announced was about as follows: Six to 10 years, 7 minutes; 10 to 15 years, 15 minutes; 15 to 20 years, 22 minutes; 25 to 30 years, 30 minutes; 30 to 35 years, 24 minutes; 35 to 40 years, 18 minutes; 40 to 60 years, 15 to 16 minutes. Then he proudly announced that the figures for a lifetime showed that woman spent the total of 242 days before her mirror. To which the answer is—Let her.

Show us a woman who does not seek the counsel and advice of her mirror, and we will show you a woman who has lost interest in life. How can woman, lovely woman, be that acme of creation blithely called "a peach" without the aid of the glass?

The Country Cottage.

The Duchess of Sutherland not long since stated that she would love to live in a cottage.

My dear Duchess,
So you confess
You'd like a cot
To live in—What?
Well, I've got one—
Mind 'tis no fun—
I'd sell to you,
That's if 'twould do.
Come let me show,
Just here and now,
What it is like.
'Tis near a dyke.
When Summer comes
The dyke it "hums,"
And flies in swarms
Add to its "charms."
The roof, you bet,
Lets in the wet.
When sleeping sound,
You get half-drowned.
One thing I hate
To have to state.
'Twill raise your wrath—
We've got no bath,
No 'lectric light.
No gas at night.
We see to spin
By paraffin.
So, dear Duchess,
I think I'd guess
You wouldn't stick,
But come back quick.

"Rita" Dresses the Part.

"Rita" has been telling an interviewer that when writing a novel she dresses according to the subject.

Thus when engaged on her forthcoming book, "A Grey Life," she wears nothing but grey, even to grey suede shoes.

Other novelists, we understand, follow the same practice.

Thus, when writing "The Garden of Allah" Mr. R. S. Hichens attired himself in a burnous and sandals; while "The Call of the Blood" found him disguised as a Sicilian serenader and twanging a mandoline.

When engaged on "The Napoleon of Notting Hill" Mr. G. K. Chesterton was appropriately made up as the great Emperor.

Mr. Guy Thorne, we understand, blacked himself all over when producing "When It Was Dark"; while, when writing "The Prodigal Son," Mr. Hall Caine enthusiastically draped himself in sackcloth and ashes.

We are not sure, but we suspect that if certain esoteric lady novelists dress according to their stories then they wear "just nodings" at all.

Among eligible women there is more joy over one divorced man than over ninety and nine good men who stay married.

She: Anyhow, you must admit he is a well-bred you notice his knowledge of Aristotle?

He: I did, and if you want my true opinion, I he's ever been there.

Hunting Girls.

A contemporary apparently finds pleasure that at a recent meet of the Silverton Fox-hunt "young girls" were in the field, though not a horseman was present.

We are not prejudiced against fox-hunting, but certainly do not think that the hunting field is any young girls.

The breaking up of a fox is, to put it



"Why do you like this dress better than my pink one?"
"Two buttons less, my dear."

unpleasant business even to grown women, and not be calculated to defeminise immature maidens. Also the language one hears hunting is not always to young ears.

If a woman likes to take to blood sports, let her seem a pity to encourage little girls to do so.

Love Letters For Sale.

Robert Browning wrote many love-letters to Barrett Browning, and she wrote many to him. To the number of about six hundred, are to be sold at auction at Sotheby's in a few weeks' time.

The love-letters of poets have a value that is own, but they ought never to be allowed to have value. To invite bids for them in a public sale is an outrage. Sacred as few things else are, the love-letters of any man, whether he be a genius or possession of his senses; and even more sacred are letters of a woman, poetess or washerwoman.

ONLY FOUR DAYS LEFT FOR FOOTBALL COUPONS. HURRY UP. EARLY



No. 10:

of the British aristocracy, where family names are a rare cognomen often induces interesting memories of notable forbears. Such a memory is the engagement of Miss Pamela to the young Duke of Ancaster, Lieutenant Willoughby. which will always have a smack of the "old" just now it is unusually prominent, for Pamela's descendants has entered the lottery in the person of Mr. Percy Wyndham, son of Hon. George Wyndham and the Countess Grosvenor. The Duke of Westminster. His bride, a daughter of the Duke of Devonshire, had no fewer than sixteen child attendants at the wedding. So let "Pamela's" old-world story be re-told now as the descendants are enjoying so much real-life romance.

When Pamela first appeared in this vale of tears
Mystery has always surrounded her
and always will. Even her own grand-
mother, who she was, though they can give a
way, towards the end of the Eighteenth Cen-
tury, appeared in the Royal nursery of the French
and a chubby little fairy, with a round face, sweet
children of the Duc D'Orleans the new-comer was a
and her sunny disposition soon made her
in the palace of the heir to the Throne of
France the Governess of the Orleans children was
Madame de Genlis, who for so many years had a
over the Dauphin, of that kind which is
as "twisting him round her little finger."
Genlis alone it was that Pamela was no
others her descent into the Royal Palace was
careless speculation and gossip. But the fact was,
the daughter of Madame de Genlis and the Duc

...children should have a playmate, a gentleman to England to find a child of suitable years who, consideration, might be adopted by the French Royal

He said to have been one of the Duc's valets. In England he tramped through the country who could be dispensed with by her lawful searcher was successful in his quest, and was thus said to have been the wife of a ship's man in the West Indies, and who, in order that she might see her husband, was willing to lose her child, or rather on the terms offered.

English, she certainly came from England, returned to England after the Channel after the first few years of her life. Orleans is now accepted as undeniable.

of her adventurous career. However, as her alleged mother's name was supposed to be "Mrs. Symes," her child was christened "Nancy Symes," though nobody remained that name. "Pamela," she was at once called, and she remained throughout her brief career, and upon her death she was buried under the name of PAMELA.

...half-brothers and half-sisters Pamela grew
...romp, full of fun, and with the spirit of
...developed within her. Everyone with whom she

came into contact speedily became her slave, and Pamela was ideally happy in her surroundings. But dark days were in store for the French royalties. And the time came when Pamela's dolls had to be laid aside, and love came into her life to brighten, and yet to mar, her girlhood's happiness. Amongst the lovers who sought her hand was the Duc de Montpensier, one of the French princes, and for a year or two Pamela's heart was torn with conflicting emotions whom to reject and whom to keep, bringing the usual uneasy days and sleepless nights. Naturally, like every other well-balanced girl, she dreamed of a "Prince Charming" whose perfections of form and character should make her his very slave. And, at last, he came!

One of the men to whom the French Revolution gave unexpected fame was a brilliant and handsome young Irishman, Lord Edward FitzGerald. Born in the year 1763, Lord Edward was one of the seventeen children of the Duke and Duchess of Leinster, then "Ireland's only Duke and Duchess." Lord Edward had every charm of face and figure which any lass could dream of. He was a racy and gifted speaker, full of the fire of a noble patriotism, and inspired with an independence of spirit which is rarely encountered amongst the members of the British aristocracy. He had, as a very young man, sat in the Irish Parliament, and having developed "dangerous" tendencies, was quickly alienated from his family. When the Revolution appeared in France Lord Edward went to Paris, and threw himself heart and soul into the storm that was breaking. He publicly renounced his title and rank, and announced himself as "Le Citoyen Edouard FitzGerald," and this alone was sufficient to give great offence to those at home. He was struck off the Army list, and in London was regarded as a "dangerous person." In Paris the guillotine was soon doing its bloody work, and though for a time Pamela's father's life was spared, it was only for a time. In the interim the French royalties were exiled to Tournay by the National Convention, and there it was that "Le Citoyen Edouard FitzGerald" and Pamela first set eyes upon each other. And it was love at first sight!

Lord Edward FitzGerald and a friend were returning temporarily to England, and on the way to Tournay they encountered the famous Madame de Genlis, travelling in disgrace with the French Royal children to Tournay for their exile.

Needless to say, the warm heart of the chivalrous Irishman went out spontaneously to the distressed French family, and all the succour he could offer them he did. But when he was introduced to Pamela—of whom, of course, he had heard—her romantic appearance at the Palais Royal had never been forgotten by the French people, nor by those at home—his heart was soon fired with an unquenchable passion which attached him doubly to the side of the Duc d'Orleans's family.

The rest of this introduction to the ill-fated pair is perhaps best told in the language of Lord Edward's sister.

"Lord Edward found he could not leave Pamela, and he determined at once to propose for her hand, which he did to Madame de Sillery, another gracious lady in the Royal entourage, who made objections at first, but Lord Edward assured her that he was so much attracted to Pamela that she was soon brought round. She still desired him to continue his journey to England, however, and to ask his mother's approval. She said she would tell Pamela of his love, and if she liked him enough to marry him, and his mother consented to the match, Madame de Sillery would then give her consent most willingly. So Lord Edward left Pamela without saying

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Farringdon
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E.C.

a word to her upon the important subject, but he had not got a day's journey before they were overtaken by a courier, sent after them by Madame de Sillery, with a letter to Edward, acquainting him that she had told Pamela of his proposal, and that she had accepted it, and that he might return from England *avec confiance*."

Pamela's Happiness in Her New Home.

In their exile at Tournay the one bright spot in the lives of the Duc's family was this charming romance, which was so soon to be consummated with wedding bells. And thus it came about one bright morning at Christmas-time that Pamela stood beside her handsome Irish beau at the altar at Tournay, and acquired at last a name about which there was no sort of doubt whatever.

But the mystery of Pamela's origin protruded itself at the altar, as it had done everywhere else. The marriage contract is still preserved at Tournay, and it states that the contracting parties were "Edward FitzGerald, son of the late Duke of Leinster; and Caroline Stephanie Anne Symes, known by the name of Pamela, aged 19, daughter of William Berkely and of Marie Symes."

This piece of official bluff was, however, nowhere accepted as fact. The "Masonic Magazine" of 1793 announces the wedding of "the Hon. Lord Edward FitzGerald to Madame Pamela Capet, daughter of His Royal Highness the ex-devant Duke of Orleans," while Moore's "Life of Lord Edward FitzGerald" says that "Pamela was the adopted, or, as it may be said without scruple, the actual daughter of Madame de Genlis by the Duke of Orleans."

It was a very tender and touching farewell that Pamela took of her distressed relatives in Tournay after the wedding. Lord Edward was so enthusiastic over his lovely bride that he must perforce take her at once to Ireland, to be fused over by his large aggregation of brothers and sisters.

Many of the latter were already married, and playing conspicuous parts in the social life of Dublin Castle, and there they soon had the opportunity of greeting their semi-Royal sister-in-law, and they all made a tremendous fuss of her. Pamela soon captured the heart of the widowed Duchess of

Leinster, and all Lord Edward's family hoped that his marriage would have the effect of settling him in peaceful domesticity. The hope was doomed to disappointment, however. But for a time Lord Edward, his revolutionary schemes, and when he and Pamela for themselves settled in a pretty cottage in County Kildare, was a true idyll.

The romantic couple were well received in the warm-hearted Irish folk seemed as if they were enough of them. During their sojourns in the country, they had a dream-house at Blackrock, and when another appeared to brighten their days, their happiness was increased.

Dublin lionised the pretty Pamela and her baby. Lady Edward went to the Castle she was the cynosure of eyes. Unfortunately, however, there were bitter tongues in the throng, and those who hated the Revolution openly that Lord Edward's defection from the French class was all due to the influence of "the French."

Nothing, of course, could have been farther from Pamela's mind. She had seen too much of the Revolution to feel but the utmost horror for it.

Shadow Crosses Pamela's Path.

How idyllic was the life of Lord Edward in these early years of their wedded life! All the published volumes of the letters of Lord Edward to the Duchess. Life seemed one long sweet dream. "I went very well then," and with their little family and the memory of so many glorious days, as they fondly hoped, still more glorious ones, the cup of happiness was full to overflowing. But ere long a shadow crept into their cot. Lord Edward possessed a noble spirit which made him sometimes ache to be free for the furtherance of his ideals. The Revolution in France, and its effects were being severely felt in Europe but even in Ireland. There arose a "Society of United Irishmen," and when a strong and young and strong, and full of the fire of reform, Lord Edward treated him upon her knees not to "put his head in

HUDDERSFIELD WINS OUR PENSION PRIZE. SEE PAGE 214

ing of Lord Edward and Pamela.

Another Fascinating Story Will Be Given Next Week.

... would have been right; but in singling out the
... he has made a glaring blunder.

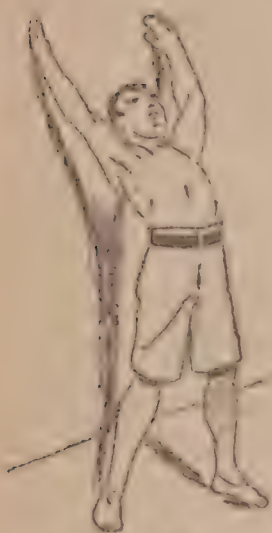
have been right; but in singling out the one he has made a glaring blunder.

WRITE TO US. Shall be pleased to hear from you.

HURRY UP WITH FOOTBALL COUPONS. ONLY FOUR DAYS LEFT.

RAPID PHYSICAL CULTURE.

By Our Expert.



EXPANDING EXERCISE.

This exercise should be practised in conjunction with, or as an antidote to, any forward-bending exercise.

Stand at one pace from a wall, with your back to it.

Plant the feet well apart, and extend the arms vertically above the head.

Now bend backwards from the waist until the fingers touch the wall.

The legs must still support the body and maintain the balance, although the hands will help to steady the body. But the head must be kept clear of the wall.

Practise this motion slowly several times, returning each time to the upright position, but not dropping the arms.

When you have learnt to keep the balance without any difficulty, bend backwards again and remain with the hands touching the wall, while you rise on tip-toe and drop again on the heels several times.

This will necessitate a still further hollowing of the back, if it is done without shifting the position of the fingers on the wall.

The back muscles will be contracted and developed by this exercise, while those of the abdomen will also profit, and the rising on tip-toe will benefit the leg muscles as well as those of the body.

Smoking and Training.

The effects of moderate smoking are not half so bad as some people try to make out. But, under strict training for an event of importance, the pleasures of the weed should, if possible, be foregone.

Many men, on commencing training, make the very great mistake of suddenly abandoning the pursuit of smoking, thereby doing themselves far more harm than good.

The man who, all at once, discontinues smoking will, for some time to come, feel ill at ease and out of sorts. On the other hand, a gradual breaking-off will obviate these unpleasant feelings.

The man who during some part of the year has to undergo some form of athletic training will be well advised not to go too deeply into the smoking habit in his days of leisure. If he always remembers that, when a certain time arrives, he will be forced to give it up, the temptation to go to extremes in the off-season will be but small.

Shoes in the "Gym."

Rubber shoes must always be worn in the gymnasium, but the quantity of that precious material should be reduced to the lowest possible amount.

Being impervious to air and moisture, rubber has a kind of sucking effect on the feet, which, after ten minutes' confinement in a certain type of rubber shoe, invariably begin to perspire more or less freely.

The majority of black gymnasium shoes have a band of rubber or rubber composition around the side of the heel and across the toe.

These are quite unnecessary, and the white shoes, composed of canvas with merely a rubber sole, are infinitely preferable.

Perspiring feet are uncomfortable, and when discomfort is experienced, exercise becomes more of a hardship than a pleasure.

The upper parts of gymnasium shoes should be wholly of canvas, and shoes built with portions of rubber partly covering the uppers should be barred by the man who would wish for comfort while engaged in the practice of physical culture.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"Sica" (London, N.W.) writes: "Is it detrimental to the good shape of one's legs to have them doubled up during sleep?"

This practice undoubtedly cramps the leg muscles, and although it does not have any material effect on the shape of the legs, it certainly retards their growth.

HEIGHT INCREASE

By adopting my simple system you can increase inches on to your height in three months. **Apparatus. No Medicines. Ordinary habits retained.** Send two penny stamps for particulars.

PROFESSOR PROWSE, Specialist in the increase of Height.
3, NORTH END CHAMBERS, CROYDON.
N.B.—Highly recommended by Editor and Physical Culture Expert of "Modern Man."

POSSESS A STRONG

"The St. Settef Course of Will-Culture" (Entered at Stationery Office as a Book of Exercises) is a simple and effective system for developing the will and increasing the strength of the body. The fee for the whole Course (four absorbingly interesting lessons) is 1/6 (abroad 6d. extra). This is your total expenditure. The Course is plain, sealed package. Enrol to-day. Next week will see you developing your progress. **THE ST. SETTEF INSTITUTE** (Dept. M.), PERMANS, N.B. P.S.—The Editor and the Physical Culture Expert of "Modern Man" recommend "The St. Settef Course of Will-Culture."

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Is the firm **YOU** are looking for
PUNCHING BALLS .. from 6/11 to 37/6
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If you are under forty, I can increase your height two to three inches within three months, by special exercises. No appliances, no drugs. Send three penny stamps for particulars.

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(Specialist in the Increase of Height)
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WEAK SIGHT CURED IN ONE MONTH

If you wear glasses—if your eyes smart—are strained or become dim—if you suffer from headache, Dr. M. Percival's remarkable home treatment will completely cure you. If your sight is caused by poor blood circulation, Near-sight, Far-sight, Squint, and Astigmatism, the eyes become distorted (out of shape), Percival's wonderfully successful system will restore a normal circulation of pure blood, and strengthen the muscles and nerves, with success and without danger. Many have been completely cured.

SENT ON FREE TRIAL

So convinced is Dr. Percival of the efficacy of his treatment, that he will give it on free trial to any sufferer. Should you get no improvement the trial will not cost you a penny, and Dr. Percival will bear the expense himself. No fairer offer could possibly be made. Dr. Percival is convinced that every sufferer from "Modern Man" who suffers from his or her eyes in any way, will at least try this treatment without expense. Therefore write to him, enclosing stamps, without delay. Address—

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NEU-VITA HEALTH ASSOCIATION

(Dept. 7), 43-45, Gray's Inn Road, London, W.C.1.

IT WILL BE TOO LATE TO SEND FOOTBALL COUPONS ON FREE TRIAL

CYCLE NOTES & BARGAINS.

only stipulation which is made in connection with our Free is that a reader must make his requirements known in twelve words, to be written on the coupon printed below, and must be sent to us not later than first post Wednesday for insertion in our next issue.

But the question "Are you an experienced motor cyclist?" in all probability nine out of ten enthusiasts would reply "Yes." This may possibly be true, but as an "experienced" motor cyclist.

Experience may be bought very cheaply. A good plan is to buy a machine, get all you can out of it—I don't mean to do it to death—but experiment with it until you know it up to hilt, and doing all that can be expected

of it, buy another make, and repeat the performance. It is expensive, but it is by no means unusual to find a machine after having "tuned it up," to sell it for slightly less than the purchase price—and you get the experience

* * *

A well-known author and publisher has recently turned motor-cyclist. Speaking of the joys of this pastime, he says:

"But it occurs to me that motor cycling is a higher up tell us flying is of all sensations the most. Besides, it's safer. The bird-man never falls. In the hard world this is until he lands on it from a height of 900 feet. The falling doesn't hurt—it is

all right! The pleasure you'll derive from motor-cycling, and the pleasure you'll derive from the convenience of the thing appeals to me. It waits so long until you come out. Best of all, it's cheaper

than being on a motor-cycle gives you that early-morning rush which insures a successful day. If you are strapped to a desk eight hours a day, you have no chance for healthful, invigorating exercise. You turn your hard-earned money into a motor-

cycle makes for health and happiness; and health is no happiness.

* * *

A following hint may be useful to those motor-cyclists who are troubled with spectacles. Equal quantities of kerosene and rain water mixed together and applied to the spectacles will cause the rain to run off.

* * *

At the request of several correspondents I give below a free bargain coupon, together with one or two bargains in cycles which are worth studying.

* * *

MOTOR-CYCLES.

23-h.p., thoroughly overhauled, £17.—Motor Box No. 77, *Modern Man*, 29, Farringdon Street, E.C.

Standard, new August 1911, horn, spare valve, bargain, £36.—Motor Box No. 78, *Modern Man*, 29, Farringdon Street, E.C.

Radbury, late 1910, guaranteed sound, £23.—Motor Box No. 79, *Modern Man*, 29, Farringdon Street, E.C.

CYCLES.

Steel Raleigh, good condition; exchange for good gramophone.—Cycle Box 40, *Modern Man*, 29, Farringdon Street, E.C.

* * *

Coupon. (No. 234.)

Motor and Pedal Cycle Exchange.

Name and Address

Required will obligate by letting us know immediately a sale or exchange has been effected.

TEST YOUR SKILL NOW AND WIN £10 A WEEK FOR LIFE.



"Waw, what a widiculous garment!"

SOMETHING NOVEL.

It is often-times amusing to watch desperate efforts to find a piece of paper wherewith to jot down a message received over the 'phone. All this wasted time and worry, not to say loss of temper, can be avoided by the use of the "Modern Telephone Tablet" which has been placed on the market at the moderate price of 3s. 6d. by the "Newtillities" Syndicate, 35, Glasshouse Street, Piccadilly Circus. It is neat, compact, and firm little article, and can be clamped to a telephone ready for use, in five minutes.

WORLD'S RECORD 166,000 MILES

ON A BIKE SUPPLIED BY ME.

Mr. Revell, of Middleton, Suffolk, bought a cycle from me ten years ago, and writes:—"During most of the time I had it I rode over 400 MILES a week. The total distance and my friends covered was no less than 166,000 MILES." This is the kind of cycle I sell. I supply

HIGH-GRADE COVENTRY CYCLES, FOR £3 10s. CASH, (Makers' Price, £6 6s.).

Also **BEST QUALITY, FINEST-GRADE CYCLES**, guaranteed for 12 years (Makers' Price, £9 9s.), the same as supplied to Mr. Revell, for only 10/- deposit and 15 monthly instalments of 7/11. I sell **BRAND NEW 1913, HUMBER, COVENTRY-CHALLENGE, ROVER, QUADRANT, SINGER, PROGRESS, PREMIER, SWIFT**, etc., supplied from 5/- monthly. I will gladly send one of Coventry's highest-grade Cycles on ten days' approval so that you can examine it at your leisure in your own home. I guarantee you perfect satisfaction or refund your money in full. Many Thousands of Testimonials. Write for Lists and learn how I save you pounds.

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When replying to Advertisements, please mention "Modern Man."

STOCKS AND SHARES

BY "ORTHOS," THE FINANCIAL EDITOR.

The shares of the Simmer Deep Company that I drew my readers' attention to last week when the price stood at about 3d., have now risen to 3s. 6d.

Many readers have queried me regarding these shares, and I would therefore like to explain that they are £1 Ordinary shares, fully paid, so that there is no further liability on the part of the purchaser when he has paid the quoted price for each share.

The Company has been earning profits at the rate of about £7,000 per month during the ten months of the present year's trading, which ends in about two months' time.

This being so, one can clearly see that the Company's profits for the year's trading will amount to £80,000 or more. About £40,000 will be necessary to pay the Debenture interest, leaving a balance of £40,000, which is equal to about 2 per cent. on the £1 Ordinary shares.

It is very obvious that the shares of this big concern should stand at a much better price than they do at present.

The Company have increased the number of Stamps at work from 125 to 175, which looks as though they intend considerably increasing the present output of gold.

The future of this Company looks bright, and I consider the shares a very attractive speculation for my readers to buy now and hold for a 3s. or 4s. rise.

There has been distinct signs this last week of the public taking interest in markets and picking up the good things at low prices.

In the Home Railway Market investors have been busy buying such stock as Brighton Deferred, Great Northern Deferred, and Great Central B Stock.

Eries are about the strongest spot among American Railroads, and are still good to hold for the rise.

In reply to enquiries regarding Mexican Railway Stock, I cannot recommend a purchase as the dividend has been declared, and there is nothing really to go for now; and, further, there will be no assurance of revolution being at an end till the Presidential Election has taken place.

Grand Trunk Third Prefs. are still in favour with the small investor, and the stock is now quoted £62 x.d.

National Steam Cars are a cheap pick up at the present price of about 31s. 6d.

There is a good deal of dealing still going on in Humber Cycles, and should be worth holding at about 11s. to 12s.

Bowerman's Press, Limited, 1s. shares can still be purchased at par, and George Newnes 10s. shares at 13s. 6d.

Among Industrials Associated Cements have been in demand, and although there has been a good deal of business doing in Marconis there is very little change in the price.

Generally speaking, there is very little doing in the mining market. Rhodesians are quiet, but among West Africans there have been one or two slight improvements.

The Bikam Rubber Estates, the shares of which I have repeatedly recommended, have declared a final dividend of 12 per cent., making 18 per cent. for the year against 12 per cent. for 1911. The crop of rubber for 1912 amounted to 153,295lbs., against an estimate of 160,000lbs., and comparing with 94,214lbs. in 1911. The estimated output for 1913 is 160,000lbs. The 1s. shares of this company now stand at 4s. 6d.

The Cobalt Townsite is still doing well, and the profit for last week is estimated at £3,064.

The Casey Cobalt Mining Company is also making headway, and we are likely to see an improvement in shares at an early date.

The prices now ruling for shares in the Maikop are so low that I feel in one or two instances that it is worth taking advantage of.

The most likely of these for a rise are Anglo Black Sea Ordinary, Maikop Pipe Line, and Maikop.

Shells have been a better market this last week. Spies Petroleum after reacting, as I prophesied, at 26s., are now on the improve again.

BRIEF REPLIES.

Langlaagte.—The present price of Langlaagte Estate shares is low. This company has a life of about 20 years owing to its having to replace the Langlaagte Block B property. I do not see why they should advance much, as everything is known that there is to know. They will remain at about this price, advancing a little when Markets improve. Should hold on for the present, and take advantage of any rise.

Woods (Bolton).—I have received your letter, re Mr. G. Hart. You can rely upon him giving you the best advice possible. Deep is an attractive speculation.

George (Sydenham).—Invest your money in the small price paying rubber shares, such as Bikam, Cheroneae, or Dolok Rub.

James (Blackpool).—I have passed your order on to a broker. You 500 Simmer Deep £1 shares at anything under 4s.

F. W. (Liverpool).—Instead of the mining shares you mention, secretary of the company about Bowerman's Press 1s. shares. Some of the dividend-paying rubbers. See my reply to George above.

Crowther (Manchester).—Read my notes in this week's issue. Simmer Deep, and then buy as many as you can afford to hold for two or three months.

THE FINANCIAL EDITOR WILL BE PLEASED TO ANSWER ENQUIRY BY POST ON RECEIPT OF P.O. FOR SIXPENCE WIRE, ONE SHILLING.

A.B.C. GUIDE TO STOCK EXCHANGE

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MAKE MONEY IN YOUR SPARE TIME.

THE OUTER MAN.

By CAPTAIN L. H. SAUNDERS.

Bright colours will dominate this season's lounge suit fashions, with various shades of blue a good favourite, though greys will retain their old popularity.

Coloured shirts all of one colour are popular, and there are some very neat ones in brown, grey and blue.

According to the *Daily Mail*, which has been known to speak the truth, the nuttiest of the nuts are wearing socks embroidered with portraits of their best girls.

Rather like having your best girl's name tattooed on your forearm. So doosid awkward when your second best girl happens to see it.

Patent leather shoes with broad laces are the correct thing in footwear.

Men with podgy ankles, however, will be well advised to stick to boots.

"A.C." (Liverpool) asks what he should wear for an evening party for which he has been told not to "dress"? Depends a good deal on what "A.C." is in the habit of wearing in the daytime.

If he usually wears a frock or morning coat then he should do so for this function. On the other hand, a dark lounge suit would be quite in order. When you are asked not to "dress" the idea is that you should come in your ordinary attire.

Golfers are wearing very wide knickerbockers, and in the recent Oxford and Cambridge golf match only two players wore trousers.

But the golfer's knickerbockers, wide as they are, are not half so "wide" as some golfing sharps I have met. Bang went half-a-crown!

In reply to "G.H.M." (Ramsgate) the mackintosh was named after its inventor, Charles Mackintosh, who flourished between 1766 and 1843. Next, please!

"B.L." (Birmingham) inquires whether I approve of a man using scent on his handkerchief? Not to any marked extent, but there is no harm in a few drops of eau-de-cologne or lavender water.

Readers Sale or Exchange.

Absolute Genuine Moustache Grower, known to grow a moustache in a few weeks. Advertiser will be pleased to send recipe and full particulars to all sending P.O., value 1s. 1d.—Box 8029, London, E.C.

Why be Short? By adopting my simple system you can put inches on to your height in three months. No apparatus. No medicines. Ordinary stamps retained. Send two penny stamps for particulars, to Professor Provost, 14, North End Chambers, Croydon.

"Carolina": Your appearance can be improved by a head of curly hair, send to-day for a bottle of "Carolina," 1s. 1d. post free; two bottles 2s.—M. Fergusson, 82, Nichols Square, Hackney Road, London, N.E. For either ladies or gentlemen.

Will Culture.—Best book yet written; nervousness, depression, want of self-reliance, poor memory. Creates Magnetic Personality. Send 1s. 2d. to-day. Talisman School, Harrogate.

Blood purifier. Keep you in perfect health; one of the finest known recipes on the market. Recipe with full particulars, post free, 1s. 1d.—Box 4630, "Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

"Esau" (Brixton Hill) asks for a good dressing for the hair. It is hard to beat castor oil applied with an old tooth brush and well rubbed in. The castor oil may be scented with a few drops of otto of roses.

Ticket-pockets are now placed inside the coat, but so far as that goes most coats are now made without ticket-pockets, which to a large extent are superfluous.

In answer to "Studs" (Leeds) there is no perfect collar-stud. The man who could invent one would make several large fortunes.

The Gibus, or opera hat, for theatre wear is returning to favour.

The waning fashion of wearing a silk hat to the theatre benefited none but the hatters.

Heard this one? Scene: Hosier's shop. Customer: I want a collar. Hosier: Yes, sir; what size, sir? Customer: Twenty-two inches. Hosier: Very sorry, sir; I'm a hosier, not a harness maker.

A few puffs

and often the ordinary ready-made cigarette is ready to be thrown away. Only half-value and hot smokes are got out of such cigarettes.

Try making your own with *fresh, cool* tobacco, and roll it in "A.G." Cigarette Paper. You will find they smoke better than any you buy ready-made—and they will cost less, too.

But the paper must be right, not the thick paper often used—see that it's

"A.G." Cigarette Paper.

The thinnest of thin cigarette paper—and the purest, too.

Sold everywhere.

Over 1,000 Testimonials. KEEP THAT NEW SUIT NICE BY USING THE "SIMPLEX"



In Polished 5/9
6-ply Oak.
Carriage paid U.K. per
Parcels Post, 11lbs. Extra
Heavy Press to take 6 pair in
8-ply Oak, Heavily nickel-
plated fittings, 8/6 car-
riage paid, weight 14lbs.

WHY PAY MIDDLE PROFITS? Trouser Pressers and Stretchers, in handsome unbreakable 6-ply POLISHED OAK Heavily Plated Fly Nuts and Powerful Steel Crossbars as shown. Full length. Take 4 pairs. Guaranteed 5 years, sent on 7 days' approval. Post dated Cheque or Money Order can be sent for appro. Send for Illustrated List Free. A superior shaped Coat Hanger, 6d. extra, if bought with Press. **SIMPLEX MANUFACTURING CO. (H. CLIPSON, Manager), 66, BALHAM HILL LONDON, S.W.**

STARTLING REDUCTIONS

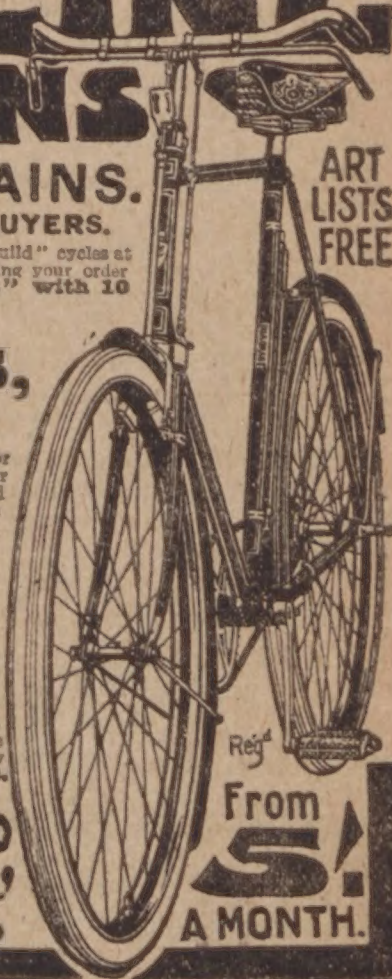
MARVELLOUS BARGAINS. OPPORTUNITIES FOR KEEN CYCLE BUYERS.

This is an unique opportunity for you to secure the "finest-it-is-possible-to-build" cycles at positively startling reductions. You can save shopkeepers' profit by sending your order direct to our factory and buying 1913, Gold Medal, "Quadrants" with 10 years' warranty, at Wholesale Trade Price.

1913, GOLD MEDAL, **QUADRANTS,** from £3 12s. Cash.

Here's astounding cycle value. We only charge £3 12s. cash, for our "Popular" Model listed at £6 15s. and sold in shops at full price. Our superb "Standard" Model (List Price and Shop Price, £9 15s.), supplied direct for only £6 9s. 3d. cash, or 7/10 deposit and 18 monthly payments of 7/10. We fit **DUNLOP TYRES, 3-SPEED GEARS, BROOKS' SADDLES**, etc., etc. "Quadrants" are built at Coventry, by skilled cycle engineers, in an up-to-date Factory replete with every conceivable aid to perfect production that money can procure. We spare no expense to manufacture cycles that will not only maintain, but add to the world-wide "Quadrant" reputation for Quality. For sound construction, perfect finish, luxury of equipment, lasting wear and easy running qualities, you can only compare a "Quadrant" with a "Quadrant." Their indisputable superiority over all other makes has been testified by the nobility and aristocracy, high dignitaries of the church, and many eminent officers of the Navy and Army. We will willingly send a magnificent 1913, Gold Medal, "Quadrant" on **ten days' free approval.** If cycle, after inspection, does not give you fullest satisfaction, return it and receive your deposit back in full. We give a ten years' warranty and guarantee perfect satisfaction. Write for Free Art Lists. THOUSANDS OF TESTIMONIALS.

THE **QUADRANT CYCLE Co., LTD.** (DEPT 26), COVENTRY.



ART
LISTS
FREE

From
5!
A MONTH.

IT COSTS YOU NOTHING TO ENTER OUR COMPETITIONS.

SOME GOOD THINGS.

BY "OLD HAND."

I have not the space to deal at any length with the two most important races of the week—the Great "Met." and City and Suburban, much as I should like to, so must content myself with a passing reference to each.

Taking them in order, we have the Metropolitan on Tuesday, in which some half-dozen appear to hold a reasonable chance of winning, and it is certain that we shall see a very interesting race. I notice that Mr. Gilpin has been sharpening old VERNEY up a bit lately, which looks as though he is not without hope, but the old horse has not appeared in public for such a time that it is impossible to form any idea of what he is capable of doing now.

If anything like his old self he would, of course, have as good a chance as anything, but it does not do to take anything like this on trust; still, any more in his favour might be taken note of.

J. Cannon can choose between LADY EILEEN and ROTS PRIDE, and whichever he sends must be taken into account. I have an idea it will be the latter, who on some of his form last season has a distinct chance. AYE AYE must come into the reckoning; in fact, I look upon her as being one of the most likely ones of the lot, and I know she is greatly fancied.

F. Hartigan has three in the race, and is pretty certain to supply a dangerous candidate. The one for which I have most liking is GARINISH ISLAND, who was quite a useful horse in Ireland over long distances, and who should have something in hand of most of his rivals in point of condition as a result of a course of hurdling.

Up to last Wednesday "Pat" Hartigan had three in the race also, but WANONO and WAVEBIRD have gone out, leaving only JORDAN, which in itself is some sort of a tip. It is from the above that I expect the winner to spring, and in picking one from these I take

AYE AYE

to win, and possibly GARINISH ISLAND may run into the "threes."

I must add, as a reservative, that, fit and well, VERNEY is sure to make a good show.

I have spent a considerable amount of time in going through the City and Suburban, and am pretty well satisfied that nothing weighted under seven stone has any pretensions to winning this race, and of those weighted above I do not see more than five that we need seriously consider.

According to my reckoning the highest weighted of these five—BACHELOR'S HOPE—has as good a chance as anything in the race, and he will, I feel certain, worry the best of them on Wednesday.

He has had a good preparation for the race, and although the market shows no indication of the fact, I am told that he is very much fancied. JAEGER and LORENZO both have a chance, the former if anything the better of the two.

That he has a partiality for the Epsom course you know just as well as myself, and that he is certain to give those of you who back him a good run for your money you may rest assured.

Then comes the great public fancy and market favourite—TUXEDO. That there is more than a little reason for him being so strongly fancied reference to his form last season will amply prove.

Between him and JUNIOR, who is extremely well in, I find some difficulty in choosing, but I shall take

TUXEDO

as the likely one to do the trick, and shall expect to see either BACHELOR'S HOPE or JAEGER fill the remaining "place."

My other selections for the week are as follows:—

EPSOM—Tuesday.

Great Surrey Handicap: GREAT SURPRISE.

Nork Park Plate: TALANA HILL.

Prince of Wales' Stakes: SEREMOND.

Wednesday.

Copthorne Plate: SPANISH PRINCE.

Tadworth Plate: MAYCUP.

Kingswood Plate: LEVANGER.

PONTEFRAC—Wednesday.

Castle Stakes: CLOSEWOOD BECK.

Pontefract Three-Year-Old Handicap: MISS TATHWELL.

Leeds Selling Handicap: SANDGLASS.

PONTEFRAC—Thursday.

Carleton Handicap: NEEDY DUKE.

Selling Handicap Plate: WOOLEY.

Maiden Handicap Plate: LADY MARCIA.

LINGFIELD PARK—Thursday.

Victoria Plate: MAJOR SYMONS.

Felbridge Handicap: WATER WILLOW.

Sackville Selling Handicap: AYALA II.

SANDOWN PARK—Friday.

Esher Cup: MR. HULTON'S SELECTED.

Mount Felix Maiden Plate: CLAQUEMENT.

Guildford Handicap: SHANBALLYMORE.

STOCKTON—Friday.

Hartburn Handicap Plate: SLASH LANE.

Stockton Spring Handicap: ST. NEOTS.

STOCKTON—Saturday.

North Yorkshire Handicap: CARHAY.

Wolviston Welter Handicap: MURLA.

THE RACING EDITOR WILL WIRE THE BEST THING EACH DAY FOR 5s. WEEKLY, OR WILL SEND A SINGLE FOR 1s. SELECTIONS WILL BE WIRED OVERNIGHT FOR FIT OF READERS WHO CANNOT DEAL WITH MID-DAY

OVER THE ROPES

Boxers and their Doings.

In boxing, more so than in any other game, be served, but watching old Pat O'Keeffe slowly clearly trimming Frank Mantell at The Ring last could not help feeling that here was the exception proved the rule. Mantell, a big, well-built young vitality, tried his utmost to wear down the Can Irishman, but Pat was there at the finish, and knew all about it too. A host of challenges were the popular winner, and Pat is likely to be the near future.

There seems to be a flaw somewhere in the of the Matt Wells-O'Neill match, and it may altogether. Mr. Dick Burge, who is looking at interests, flatly refuses to allow his protégé to box hall, the name of which has not appeared in the which is not at all difficult to guess at. Matt in for America shortly, where there is plenty of waiting for him.

Tom McCormick and Gus Platts take the board at the National Sporting Club in what will be elimination bout among the welters. Both men strong, and these aspirants to Johnny Summers be all out to win. The winner will meet Johnny on the latter's return from Australia, which will be some time in October or November.

Freddie Welsh will take on his first opponent on Monday next, when he will meet Al. Ketchell rounder at Bridgeport. This should prove easy for our boy.

Jim Sullivan has made good in Australia, beating Midwood in ten rounds.

That match between Bombardier Wells and G. pentier looks like materialising after all. This which would cause a lot of excitement on both Channel, and would also give Billy a chance of some of his lost prestige.

HUDDERSFIELD READER WINS £1 FOR TWO YEARS.

No. 19 FOOTBALL COMPETITION

We now have great pleasure in announcing the our No. 19 Football Competition. No reader successfully accurately forecasting the results of all the matches Huddersfield reader sent in fifteen correct, and nearest right therefore takes the prize of £1 a week for years. The fortunate person is:—

E. STARKEY, 13, Wheathouse Terrace, Birkley, Huddersfield.

DON'T FAIL TO TEST YOUR FOOTBALL SKILL.

OUR NEW RACING SKILL COMPETITION.

BIG STAKES THAT COST YOU NOTHING.

Our First Racing Skill Contest met with such a gratifying response, and as it appears to be as much appreciated by the ladies as the gentlemen, I have decided to run another of these interesting skill contests for the Epsom Meeting on June 3, 4, 5 and 6.

Everything to Win. Nothing to Lose.

In connection with this contest we offer

£500 FIRST PRIZE

This big sum of money will be paid to the person who correctly forecasts the winners, by filling in, in the coupon below, the name of the horse against each race given in the coupon. Like the man who goes racing, you must carefully study the form of horses. This is what the successful race-goer does and this is what you must do if you wish to pocket our £500.

If no one correctly forecasts the winners of all the races, then during the remainder of the Flat Racing Season £1 a week will be paid to the person whose coupon is nearest correct.

I think I can safely say Epsom is the most popular race meeting of the year, and I have, therefore chosen the Epsom races for this Competition, so as to give my readers a better chance. A complete list of the Entries for the races given in the coupon below will be published in next week's issue. You should then carefully study the form of the horses taking part in these important fixtures, and fill in against each race the name of the horse you consider, in your judgment, will win the race. You can

SEND IN AS MANY COUPONS AS YOU LIKE,

And they must reach our offices not later than first post on Monday, June 2nd. Let every reader test his or her racing skill and win this huge money prize.

The Conditions to be complied with:—

On this page is given an entry form containing the name of the first prize of £500 you have to fill in against each race to the name of one of the horses entered for the race. All the correct results of the races given in the coupon will be forwarded to the sum of £500. In the event of no set of forecasts nearest to the correct results during the remainder of the season or alterations will disqualify the form; and in the event of more than one person sending in a correct coupon, the prize will be divided.

CONDITIONS GOVERNING THE COMPETITION.
(1) On the coupon appearing on this page you will find the names of the races to be run on June 3rd, 4th, 5th and 6th. Fill in against each race the name of the horse you forecast to win.
(2) Having done this, fill in your name and address in the space provided, cut out the entrance form and send it to the Editor, Modern Man, Farringdon Street, London, E.C. The entrance form must reach us not later than first post on Monday, June 2nd. Any arriving later will be disqualified.
(3) Readers can send in as many coupons as they like. The prize of £500 will be awarded to the competitor whose Entry Form represents the correct results of all the races run, but if the whole of the twelve races are not run or if any one of the races is a walk over the £500 prize will be reduced to one of £50.
(4) In the event of no Entrance Form containing all correct results, £1 a week during the remainder of the racing season will be paid to the sender of the correct coupon in this Competition, the prize will be equally divided.
(5) No responsibility will be accepted by the Editor for the loss or non-delivery of any effort, and evidence of post will not be accepted as evidence of receipt.
(6) No correspondence will be entered into in connection with the competition, neither will interviews be granted.
(7) Any coupon on which any alteration of any description has been made will be disqualified.
(8) Scottish made will be disqualified.
(9) Readers entering this competition, and no coupon bearing a Scottish address can be accepted.

"MODERN MAN" RACING CONTEST.

Races to be run on June 3, 4, 5 and 6.

Fill in against each race the name of the horse to win.

EPSOM, TUESDAY, JUNE 3rd.

Craven Stakes (1m. 44yds.)

Epsom Plate (7f.)

Egmont Plate (5f.)

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 4th.

Derby Stakes (1m. 4f. 29yds.)

Steward's Handicap (1m. 44yds.)

Epsom Town Plate (6f.)

THURSDAY, JUNE 5th.

Royal Stakes (6f.)

Coronation Cup (1m. 4f.)

Durdan's Handicap (1m. 2f. 66yds.)

FRIDAY, JUNE 6th.

Belmont Handicap (6f.)

Oaks Stakes (1m. 4f.)

Chipstead Handicap (1m. 44yds.)

I agree to abide by the conditions governing this Competition and to accept as final the result published in *Modern Man*. I enter the Competition on this distinct understanding.

Signature.....

Address.....

NAMES OF HORSES ENTERED WILL APPEAR NEXT WEEK.

The Last and Greatest Chance of the Football Season

WHAT READERS HAVE TO DO TO WIN £520 A YEAR FOR LIFE

On this page is given an entry form containing the names of football clubs engaged in matches on Saturday, April 26th, and for first prize of £520 a year, payable £10 weekly, you have to draw a line in ink through the name of the club you forecast will lose. Where you forecast a draw leave in names of both teams. To the reader from whom we receive an entrance form showing the correct results of the matches given in the coupon we will award £10 a week for life. In the event of no set of forecasts received representing the whole of the correct results, £1 a week for two years will be paid to the competitor whose effort is nearest to the correct results. Entry forms must be filled up in ink; erasion or alterations will disqualify the form; and in the event of a tie or ties, the prizes will be divided.

CONDITIONS GOVERNING THE COMPETITION.

(1) On the coupon appearing on this page you will find the names of teams playing in twenty matches on Saturday, April 26th. Cross out the names of the teams you predict will lose. Where you forecast a draw don't cross out either name.

(2) Having done this, fill in your name and address in the space provided, cut out the entrance form and send it addressed to MODERN MAN, No. 20 Football Competition, Farringdon House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C. The entrance form must reach us not later than first post on Friday, April 26th. Any arriving later will be disqualified.

(3) Readers can send in as many coupons as they like. No employee of the firm can enter the competition.

(4) The prize of £10 a week for life will be awarded to the competitor whose Entry Form represents the correct solutions of all the matches played, but if the whole of the twenty matches are not played the £10 a week for life prize will be reduced to one of £1 a week for life.

(5) In the event of no Entrance Form containing all correct solutions, £1 a week for two years will be paid to the sender of the Entrance Form nearest to the correct results.

(6) In the event of a tie, or ties, in this Competition, the prizes will be equally divided.

(7) No responsibility will be accepted by the Editor for the loss or non-delivery of any effort, and evidence of posting will not be accepted as evidence of receipt.

(8) No correspondence will be entered into in connection with the competition, neither will interviews be granted.

(9) Any coupon on which any alteration of any description has been made or fictitious name given will be disqualified.

(10) Scottish readers who are domiciled in Scotland are precluded from entering this competition, and no coupon bearing a Scottish address can be accepted.

MODERN MAN FOOTBALL CONTEST.—No. 20.

Matches to be played on Saturday, April 26th. Cross out in ink—the name of the team you forecast will lose. draw do not cross out either name.

BOLTON WANDERERS
BRADFORD CITY
EVERTON
NEWCASTLE
OLDHAM ATHLETIC
WEST BROMWICH
BRISTOL CITY
CLAPTON ORIENT
GLOSSOP
HUDDERSFIELD
HULL CITY
LINCOLN CITY
NOTTS FOREST
BRIGHTON
CRYSTAL PALACE
COVENTRY CITY
MERTHYR TOWN
PLYMOUTH ARGYLE
SOUTHAMPTON
WATFORD

V. SUNDERLAND.
V. TOTTENHAM.
V. SHEFFIELD WEDNESDAY.
V. ASTON VILLA.
V. MANCHESTER UNITED.
V. BLACKBURN ROVERS.
V. BURY.
V. BRADFORD PARK AVENUE.
V. WOLVERHAMPTON.
V. LEEDS CITY.
V. LEICESTER FOSSE.
V. BARNLEY.
V. FULHAM.
V. SWINDON.
V. QUEEN'S PARK RANGERS.
V. BRISTOL ROVERS.
V. BRENTFORD.
V. NORTHAMPTON.
V. GILLINGHAM.
V. MILLWALL.

I agree to abide by the conditions governing this Competition and to accept as final the result published in *Modern Man*.
enter the Competition on this distinct understanding.

Signature.....

Address.....

Newsagent's Name.....

Address.....

SEND IN AS MANY COUPONS AS YOU LIKE.

6/6 FOR NOTHING is what your Editor offers you

My Shaving Set Offer continues to meet with an enthusiastic response. It is apparent my readers are out to help me, and incidentally to help themselves to a complete Shaving Set FREE OF COST.

If you will only give the copies of "Modern Man" to the right people, I am satisfied we shall secure a permanent 500,000 readers, and how proud you and I will be when every newsagent is interested in the paper and exhibits our bill outside his shop.

REMEMBER, ALL YOU HAVE TO DO is to distribute six copies of the current issue of "Modern Man" among your masculine friends, although, by the bye, the ladies like "Modern Man," but before doing so, cut out the FREE SHAVING SET coupon below. Send the six coupons to me, together with a P.O. for 1/- to cover carriage and packing expenses of the Shaving Set, and I will send you by return the "Modern Man" Silver-plated Safety Razor, Silver-plated Stropper, and special stick of Shaving Soap, all complete in case, absolutely free of charge.

Address your letter to—Editor, "Modern Man," Farringdon House, Farringdon Street, London, and mark in the top left-hand corner "Free Shaving Set."

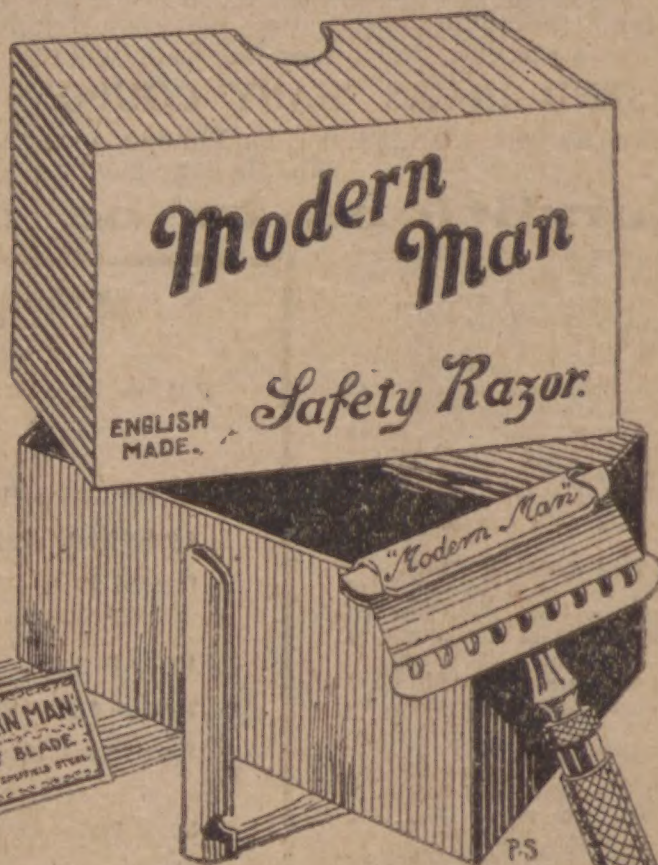
TELL ALL YOUR FRIENDS ABOUT IT

FREE SHAVING SET COUPON.

Six of these Coupons, cut from the current issue of Modern Man, & P.O. for 1/- to cover carriage and packing expenses, secures a 5s. Silver Plated "Modern Man" Safety Razor, a Silver Plated Stropper, and a 1s. stick of Shaving Soap in metal tube; all completely packed in handsome case.

Dated, April 26th, 1913.

.....Cut here.....



SHAVING SETS FREE TO ALL

SEND FOR ONE NOW.

Modern Man Patent Safety Razor	s.	d.
" " Stropper ...	5	0
Stick of Shaving Soap	0	6
in Metal Case	1	0
Total ...	6s. 6d.	Free to My Readers.